

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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MAGNIFICENT AGONY.—HORSES TORTURED INTO HIGH SPIRITS, BY THE USE OF THE "BIT-BURR," A NEW FORM OF GOAD FASHIONABLE
IN NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, ETC.—See PAGE 311.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
 537 Pearl Street, New York.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1871.

ADMIRAL PORTER.

NOW THAT the storm that has been poured upon the head of Admiral Porter by envious rivals and a partisan press has passed over, let us consider for a moment why such invectives as have burdened the newspapers should have been launched against an officer who fired the first gun in the late war for the Union, and who, during that great struggle for our national existence, never for one moment flagged in his efforts to support the flag of his country.

His is no trifling record; he never left his post while the Rebellion lasted, and his field of operations was larger than that of any four officers of the navy combined. He has held some of the most important official positions under our Government, and has performed the duties of his office in a manner to meet the approbation of all honest men. His moral character is beyond reproach, and he has never been wanting in the amenities of life toward the humblest person.

What is it, then, that has raised a storm about the Admiral's head, to which a man of less resolution would have succumbed? What has caused the press, considered to be conducted by men of intelligence and education, to fill its columns with abuse, as if Admiral Porter had committed a heinous crime, instead of what at most can only be termed an indiscretion? Why should the services of an officer be forgotten, no matter how many letters, wise or unwise, he may have written?

There would seem to be something in the political atmosphere at this time that infects the heads and hearts of usually right-thinking persons, inducing them to rush to public halls and listen to the vulgar lectures of Surratt on the events connected with the assassination of President Lincoln—an exhibition they do not condemn, while they torture every act of Admiral Porter's against him, who for years had but one thought, and that the salvation of the Union.

It would seem that on this matter of Admiral Porter, the world has either been mad, or knew so little about it that they could form no opinion of the real merits of the case.

Daniel Webster, in his celebrated reply to Senator Hayne, remarked: "When a ship finds herself at sea, dismasted and with rudder gone, sails all rent to pieces and without knowing her position, the captain wisely puts into port and takes a fresh departure."

So it should be with the intelligent press of our country—a press claiming to mold the opinions of forty millions of people, and which no doubt wields a powerful influence for good or evil.

Against one letter written by Admiral Porter, and which he was undoubtedly at liberty to write, we must place the services of many years, including the battle at New Orleans, where he bore so conspicuous a part, and where he did so much to open the way for the passage of Farragut's fleet; the saving of Fort Pickens to the Republic, when but for timely assistance it might have fallen into rebel hands; the blockade of the enemy's ports of Pensacola and New Orleans, contrary to the convictions of his senior officer, and the first capture of the enemy's property; the chase of the Sumter, that ended in her being driven off our coast and finally caused her abandonment as a cruiser; the bombardment of the forts at Vicksburg, enabling Farragut's fleet again to pass the batteries; the organization of a fleet in the Mississippi, Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers; the opening of those rivers and breaking up of guerrilla bands; the first attack on Vicksburg and the safe re-embarkation of the first army corps that attacked it; the conquest of Arkansas Post, with the aid of the army, by which seven thousand soldiers and much ammunition and stores fell into our hands—and which success was the turning-point in our after successes; the siege of Vicksburg, in which Admiral Porter bombarded the city for forty days and nights without intermission, and kept his gunboats continually at work attacking the batteries; the passage of the Vicksburg batteries, after two hours' hard fighting, securing the successful passage of Grant's transports; the hard fight at Grand Gulf, where, after five hours' close encounter with the guns of the enemy, the Admiral opened the way for Grant's army, and finally landed them on the opposite side of the river, which movement led to those brilliant victories that gave us Vicksburg; the capture of Fort de Russy and Alexandria; his several heavy attacks on Vicksburg up to the surrender of the place; and who does not remember the thrilling message sent by the Admiral to the North, announcing the surrender of the stronghold?

When Vicksburg had surrendered, the Admiral took no time to rest, but devoted all his energies to co-operate with our armies wherever they might be, and planned the capture of Morgan's army by the gunboats under Fitch, in which all the rebel artillery and their wagons fell into the hands of the navy, and the designs of Morgan were frustrated.

No one can fail to remember the arduous work that Admiral Porter underwent with General Banks up Red River; and how, after great difficulties, his fleet was extricated from a most perilous position; and how he went through a tornado of fire in his little tin-clad before he got his vessels out of that river of snags and shoals.

When the Admiral was ordered to the command of the North Atlantic Squadron, to reduce Fort Fisher, he undertook the task cheerfully, although high officers had pronounced the place impregnable.

On Christmas Day his guns silenced the fort, and he hoped then to make Fort Fisher a present to the nation; but the commanding general went away and left him, after some of his soldiers had captured a horse and flag from inside the enemy's works.

The Admiral did not, however, despair, but remained with his fleet, and rode out terrible gales on the open coast, for the whole Atlantic was rolling in upon his squadron; and such was the violence of the wind that the oldest sailors were alarmed and in fear of disaster.

Again, by perseverance, the Admiral caused troops to be sent, and finally took the great fortress that had barred the way to our ships, and kept open the passage for blockade-runners and rebel military supplies.

Who can forget the joy that pervaded the Union when the news came that Fort Fisher was won? Yet now the general who ran away, leaving a portion of his troops upon the beach, and was sent in exile to Lowell, steps forth, when a chance occurs, and puts words in the mouth of the dying Farragut which Commodore Pennock, and all the other friends of the old hero, declare were never uttered!

Are the people of this country going to follow Butler, in his abuse of Porter, like a flock of sheep, persecuting a man only a part of whose services has been detailed above? Let them "go into port and take a fresh departure." Let them frown down the attempts to injure one whose whole life has been devoted to his country, and who, in view of late events, could well place upon his tombstone: "Faithful to his country, his country faithful to him!"

Let it be remembered that this outcry has grown out of a contemptible plot, culminating in the publication of a private letter written six years ago. The cry of condemnation should be raised rather against the wretches who committed this foul act; at any rate, events are fast justifying all that Admiral Porter ever wrote of General Grant, who, while shipwrecking his own reputation, is destroying the party that raised him to his present eminence.

THE LATE MR. HOLLAND.

We occasionally have heard of some distinguished individual, in view of his suddenly acquired celebrity, "that he awoke one morning and found himself famous." With how much greater truth it may be remarked of the Rev. Mr. Sabine that he awoke one morning and found himself "infamous."

And now all that this man of God desires is "to have nothing said about it." Naturally enough. We have heard before, of apostate patriots, that all they wanted was "to be let alone." But Mr. Sabine can't be let alone. He has done a deed unworthy the humanity of the Nineteenth Century, in conformity with the spirit of the Dark Ages. We can't let him alone. We must, in the name of that decency he has outraged, the good sense he has contradicted, the humanity he has violated—we must protest against his extraordinary conduct; we must cleanse the fame of this century from the stigma he has cast upon it.

More than this, we want to know if he is supported by his ecclesiastical fraternity? We desire each and all to proclaim their agreement or opposition to the principles he has enunciated. We want to know if his views are the individual opinions of a simple bigoted prelate, or the recognized principles of Christianity? We want to know: for, "if such things can be," we desire to separate ourselves from these self-elect, and "paddle our own canoe" toward the still waters of life in an exactly contrary direction to that taken by Mr. Sabine.

Mr. Sabine held himself always ready to see Mr. Holland coming with his pew-rent, nor did he object to receive his donations toward any repairs of church or parsonage, or charity-school or mission to the heathen. He had no objection to officiate at the holy ordinance of matrimony when infamous actors were married—and where consequently the clergyman got his fee. But when the veteran of four-score years and ten laid off his harness, and asked nothing from the world but his six-foot home, and to be placed thither with the courtesies of

his mourning friends, and the deep grief of his intimates and relatives, the impertinence of the hireling of the Church came in to cast the first stone at the memory of the man whose reputation was quite as spotless as the lawn of the bigot who now wants to be "let alone."

The humanity of the world universal hoots at this arrogance of the clergy, who, having sowed the wind, will reap the whirlwind.

The bully is killed in a public brawl, and his funeral procession is made up of thousands. The murderer is executed upon the gallows, as an acknowledged vindication of the laws of his country, which he has violated. Priests of all degrees and of all sects are numerous in attendance upon all the ceremonies of the occasion. They receive his last words, they exhort him to confession and repentance of his sin, and finally do not hesitate to lead the religious exercises which terminate in placing the remains of the poor specimen of humanity, in what they are pleased to call "consecrated ground," side by side with his fellow-sinners of every degree and station.

But good old Holland dies. He has lived a life without reproach. He has stood up before his fellow-men every day, and repeated for them words of cheer and comfort. He has touched their hearts and warmed their souls, and cheered and solaced them in the walks of life; has made them forget their woes, has taught them by precept and example the way of life, encouraged their attempts at reformation, applauded their virtuous resolutions, in his mimic representations on the stage. His personal, private life will bear comparison with that of this clerical actor who struts his brief hour on the stage but once a week, when the theatres are shut. We fear, were they open, the competition would be rather unfavorable for him. We fear he "wouldn't draw."

But death comes—the ass may then kick the dead lion. "Go down!" says the priest; "I am holier than thou!" "Go to the little church around the corner, they do such things there."

Has manhood entirely died out of the land? Is this the result of free schools, a republican government, the equal rights of man ordained of God and guaranteed by our laws? Or is this the imported idea of a monarchical country, where one man is better than another, and which, when brought to these shores, dwindles in significance till it means only that one dead man is better than another dead man? Or is it but another evidence of an hereditary bigoted insanity, in which personal superciliousness and religious intolerance get somewhat mixed?

If it is possible to feel any pleasure at such a disgraceful outrage upon the decencies of life as for an upstart priest to refuse Christian burial, it is that he should have chosen a man of such general excellence of disposition, amenity of manners, purity of life, and universal esteem; not an accidental passer-by, but a recognized worshiper in his own church; not a frolicsome youth, or careless maiden, or repentant murderer, but a man full of years, gray in the service of pleasing a large circle of friends, and one who will remain ever green in their memories.

OUR FOREIGN POPULATION.

EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN AND WARD'S ISLAND.

EVERYBODY knows, in a general way, that thousands of foreigners come yearly to New York, with a view of making a home in the United States; but few people, excepting those who have given special attention to the matter, know how many thousands come here, where they go to, how they are cared for on their arrival, and the importance of their coming.

For many years, these emigrants (nearly half of whom were ignorant of the English language, and all of whom were ignorant of American manners and customs) were the victims of an organized band of sharpers, who, under various pretexts, robbed the strangers of their property. The sharpers would pick their pockets; entice them away from their baggage, and steal it; sell them "bogus" railroad or steamboat tickets at a fair price, or genuine tickets at an exorbitant price; cheat them in the price of cartage and board, and so on. Most of the strangers had some money, and many of them had considerable amounts of money; but the sharpers, with commendable impartiality, took the whole, whenever they could lay hands on it. The evil at last became so monstrous, that some of our public-spirited and benevolent citizens brought the subject before the Legislature at Albany.

The preparatory step toward obtaining legislative aid in the matter was a public meeting at what was then the Broadway Tabernacle, on the 22d of March, 1847, when John McKeon moved the appointment of a committee to proceed to Albany and explain the grievance. Andrew Carrigan was the efficient member of that committee; and, through his agency, a law was passed by the Legislature on the 6th of May ensuing. It appointed as Commission-

ers of Emigration, Gullan C. Verplanck, James Boorman, Jacob Harvey, Robert B. Minturn, William F. Havemeyer, and David C. Colden. This law made full protection for the emigrants, and, by a moderate tax on all the parties in interest, secured such a fund as made the establishment self-supporting.

The Commissioners originally held their meetings and transacted their business in the old Almshouse, which then occupied the site of the present new Courthouse, in the City Hall Park. This location was soon found to be, in many respects, ineligible, as were several others that were suggested as substitutes. The Commissioners discovered that the emigrant could not be fully protected, unless he could be transferred directly from his ship to their own hands; and this main object was finally, on the 5th of May, 1855, secured by the leasing of the old fort on the Battery, then and since known as Castle Garden. This locality had the advantages of salubrity, retirement, and complete exclusiveness from interference on the land-side, while its single landing-pler on the water-side could be approached only by small vessels acting as lighters, which brought the strangers, with their baggage, directly from the ship to the Garden—the ships, on arrival, being anchored off the Battery for the purpose of discharging their steerage-passengers.

As soon as they are landed, the passengers are examined, one by one, by the medical officer, to discover if any sick persons have escaped the health authorities at Quarantine. If any have so escaped, they are immediately sent in a steaming to the hospitals on Ward's or Blackwell's Island. And this examination enables the Health Officer to select all persons who, whether blind, cripples, lunatics, or others likely to become a future charge to the State or City Government, are, by law, to be specially bonded by the owners of the vessel which brought them over. Those persons who pass this examination are then directed to the Rotunda, a large roofed circular space in the centre of the Depot, containing fifty thousand square feet of area, with a dome seventy-five high, separated into compartments for English-speaking and other nationalities. Here there is a Registering Department, where the names, nationalities, former place of residence and intended destination, and all other personal particulars, are recorded. Such of the passengers as intend leaving New York are then directed to that part of the Depot where are the agents of all the railroad companies, from whom they can procure tickets to all parts of the United States and Canada without risk of fraud or extortion.

In the meantime, as they pass from the lighter to the pier, accompanying their baggage, each piece is checked and transferred to the Baggage-room, a building erected at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars, and having ample room for fifteen thousand pieces of baggage. Baggage intended for city delivery is placed by itself, as is also that for the East, North, West, and South. Baggage for any of the railroad depots is sent free of charge, and that for city delivery is charged at moderate rates.

Responsible and accredited exchange-brokers are constantly in attendance, who take from the emigrants whatever foreign coin they wish to part with, giving them in exchange American coin or paper currency at the market rates.

These formalities being all completed, the emigrants are assembled in the Rotunda, and an officer of the Commission calls out the names of those whose friends attend them in the Waiting-room at the entrance of the Depot, and to whom they are conducted. At the same time are called out the names of those for whom letters or funds are waiting, which are then delivered to the proper owners, through the Forwarding Department. Emigrants who desire to communicate with their friends at a distance, either at home or in this country, are directed to the Letter-writing Department, where clerks who understand the several European languages are in attendance to write for them; and those of the emigrants who are destitute, and must wait for a reply, are furnished with a temporary home on Ward's Island.

Boardinghouse-keepers, licensed by the Mayor, and properly certified as to character by responsible persons, are then admitted to the Rotunda, to solicit patronage from the persons who intend to remain in the city. These boarding-houses are subjected to a careful supervision and to certain regulations for the protection of the emigrants.

The Labor Exchange is a one-story, well-ventilated building, eighty feet by fifty-two. The centre of the room is inclosed by railings for the officers and for employes. The male and female emigrants are placed on opposite sides, and are subdivided according to their several capacities. This furnishes an Intelligence Office without charge to either servants or employers; and the Department undertakes to supply all sorts of skilled mechanical and agricultural labor, as well as house-service, to employers in any part of the United States,

who come with proper guarantees. In the year 1868 this Exchange furnished employment for about eighteen thousand males and thirteen thousand females; in 1869, for about twenty-three thousand males and twelve thousand females. Of the males, there were ten thousand mechanics, and the remainder, agricultural and common laborers. Of the females, one thousand were skilled as seamstresses, cooks, etc., and the remainder were common house-servants.

Castle Garden is kept open day and night. The regular business hours are from eight o'clock, A. M. to five o'clock, P. M.; but in cases of necessity, the employees are required to remain until ten in the evening, or even later. There are seven private watchmen and seven policemen, who keep a strict guard over the emigrants, and preserve general order and discipline. The yearly rent of the Garden is twelve thousand dollars. The buildings, furniture and fixtures are kept insured at fifty thousand dollars; and the baggage of the emigrants, at thirty thousand dollars. The business of all the offices connected with the Staten Island Boarding Station and Castle Garden is performed by seventy-six officers and employees, whose yearly salaries amount in the aggregate to about eighty-three thousand dollars.

The following tables show the numbers, nationalities and avowed destination of the emigrants who arrived at New York in the last five years:

	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.	1869.
Ireland	70,462	68,047	65,134	47,571	66,204
Germany	83,451	106,716	117,591	101,989	99,605
England	27,286	36,186	33,712	29,095	41,000
Scotland	3,962	4,979	6,315	7,390	10,643
France	2,059	3,246	3,204	2,811	2,795
Switzerland	2,513	3,685	3,985	3,302	2,969
Holland	729	1,506	2,156	1,265	1,247
Wales	505	540	142	699	1,111
Norway	158	583	309	1,008	3,465
Sweden	2,337	3,907	4,823	14,529	23,453
Italy	591	918	1,082	993	1,548
Belgium	97	167	1,023	149	146
Spain	224	316	208	210	210
West Indies	283	246	214	171	378
Denmark	727	1,526	1,372	1,087	2,600
Poland	423	231	268	268	598
South America	109	155	97	134	102
Portugal	42	96	70	13	60
Nova Scotia	77	40	22	52	119
Russia	93	154	185	145	376
Canada	43	28	42	33	27
Mexico	70	56	26	34	90
Miscellaneous	111	101	175	139	123

Total.....196,352 239,418 242,731 213,686 258,989

The avowed destinations of the principal numbers of these emigrants were as follows:

	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.	1869.
City & State of N.Y.	99,458	97,607	91,610	95,714	85,810
Pennsylvania	22,276	24,874	27,424	16,926	32,135
Illinois	17,177	22,386	26,964	34,625	38,213
Wisconsin	6,127	9,160	14,921	16,537	17,003
Ohio	10,316	12,923	13,812	11,133	12,180
Massachusetts	8,957	11,874	10,424	7,604	8,384
Canada	1,367	1,741	2,333	2,733	2,695
New Jersey	5,395	7,877	7,271	5,916	8,101
Michigan	3,178	4,185	7,119	7,324	7,218
Connecticut	2,323	3,711	4,209	3,458	4,032
Iowa	3,400	4,493	5,610	7,040	8,216
Missouri	5,016	4,918	7,361	6,517	4,414

The following items from the Treasurer's Report for 1869 show the sources and amount of the income and of the expenses of the Department:

RECEIPTS.	
Amount of commutation money from the owners of vessels for alien passengers.....	\$649,362
Commutation of special bonds.....	7,710
Sale of securities.....	131,989
Interest on stocks and premium on gold.....	28,752
Penalties for deaths at sea.....	810
From Irish Emigrant Society.....	1,309
Refunded from amount overpaid on contract.....	2,500
From emigrants, returned for advances.....	5,407
Miscellaneous	4,649
	\$827,488

EXPENSES.	
Expenses of Castle Garden.....	\$124,345
Commissioners of Public Charities.....	18,987
On account of Commissioners' Office, Castle Garden.....	35,358
Reimbursements to State Institutions.....	12,071
Reimbursements to counties in the State.....	17,788
Disbursements to agents.....	6,038
Forwarding emigrants.....	10,877
Interest on bond.....	14,425
Erection of Lunatic Asylum, Ward's Island.....	160,000
Real estate, purchased on	50,942
Net cost of support of	191,614
Buildings and repairs on	48,522
Steamboat hire and supplies to	7,886
Insurance on Castle Garden and Ward's Island	4,701
Miscellaneous, details in Report.....	47,664
	\$756,158

The necessity of providing for sick and disabled emigrants soon led to a search for accommodations beyond what the existing city hospitals and almshouses could supply, and Ward's Island was selected for the purpose. This island is nearly square in form, and it contains about two hundred acres of ground. It lies in the East River, north of Blackwell's Island, and extends from about the line of One Hundredth street to One Hundred and Sixteenth street, of New York. Its proximity to the city, and its accessibility at all seasons of the year, with its exemption from the annoyances of a thickly-settled neighborhood, including, also, the comparatively low price of land so near to the city, were the chief reasons for the selection. The purchases of land made by

the Commissioners at different times amount to about one hundred and twenty acres, for which they paid, in the aggregate, one hundred and forty-one thousand dollars. The remainder of the island is owned chiefly by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction—a local Board, which has supervision of the paupers and criminals of the county.

The largest and most important building erected on Ward's Island by the Commissioners is the Verplanck Hospital, named after Gullian C. Verplanck, who, from the year 1848 until his death in 1870, was the President of the Board. This building consists of a corridor four hundred and fifty feet in length and two stories in height, from which project, at right angles, five wings, each one hundred and thirty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, the centre wing being three stories and the others two stories above the basement. Each of the wings is flanked at each outer corner with towers surmounted by high cupolas which contain water-tanks. This hospital is reserved exclusively for non-contagious diseases and surgical cases. The corridor affords ample room for exercise for the convalescent patients. The building is heated by hot air forced through registers by a large fan-wheel, and the same power is used in the summer to drive a current of cool air through the wards. Projecting from the corridor on the side opposite to the wings is a fire-proof building, which contains the boilers, three in number, engines, etc., in the basement; above these is the cook-room, with eighteen steam-kettles and ranges, where the cooking is done for the entire establishment; and above that is the bakery, with four ovens, each calculated to bake three hundred loaves of bread at one time; also the washing-room, with its sixty-three stationary tubs. On the upper floor are the drying and ironing rooms. The hospital has accommodations for three hundred and fifty patients.

The Nursery, the home of the children, to the right of the Verplanck Hospital, is a frame building of three stories above the basement, one hundred and twenty by one hundred and ninety feet. The basement contains the dining-room, play-room and bath-room; the first floor, the matron's-room and sleeping-rooms; the second floor, sleeping-rooms, school-room and recitation-rooms; the third floor, the Catholic chapel and ante-rooms.

The Refuge building is of brick, three stories above the basement, with three wings; total size, one hundred feet by ninety-eight. As its name indicates, it is a refuge for destitute emigrants, chiefly women and children, and it will accommodate four hundred and fifty persons.

The New Barrack is a plain brick building, three stories above the basement, one hundred and sixty feet by forty-four. It is devoted entirely to destitute male emigrants. It also accommodates four hundred and fifty persons.

The Dispensary is of the same size and appearance as the Nursery, and it will accommodate in the upper stories two hundred and fifty patients. The lower floors are occupied as a dispensary, apothecary's shop, clerks' apartments, dining-rooms, etc.

The new Dining-hall consists of two connected buildings, each twenty-five by a hundred and twenty-five feet, and two stories high. It has dining-space for twelve hundred persons.

The Fever Wards for Males are in four brick buildings, each one story and a basement, and twenty-five by a hundred and fifty feet in size. Each will accommodate forty-five patients.

The Surgical Ward for Males is a three-story brick building, twenty-five by a hundred and twenty-five feet, with accommodations for one hundred and twenty patients.

The Protestant Chapel building is of brick, two stories high, and twenty-five by one hundred and twenty-five feet in size. The first floor is used as a medical ward for women, and the upper floor is a Protestant chapel and reading-room.

The Lunatic Asylum is a three-story and basement brick building, twenty-five by a hundred and twenty feet. It will accommodate one hundred and twenty-five patients.

Besides these, there are the Boys' Barracks, Fever Wards for Females, three brick houses for residences of the Physicians, one each for the Superintendent and his Deputy, Storehouse, Poorhouse, Stables, Workshops, etc.

Access to Ward's Island is had by the row-boat of the Commissioners from the foot of 110th street, and by the steamboat chartered by the Commissioners, which leaves Castle Garden every day at one o'clock, P. M.

The Refuge Department has charge of all cases of destitution, including the newly arrived emigrants, who, though in a healthy condition, are prevented from completing their journey by want of funds. They perform a considerable amount of labor for the benefit of the institution, such as farming, grading, building walls, etc. The department also includes persons who, from age or disease, are incapacitated for labor. A large number of these classes of persons are provided for during the winter.

The number of persons admitted to the Hospital, Refuge, etc., during the year 1869, was

eleven thousand four hundred and seventy-one. The total number during the twenty-three years since its organization is two hundred and eight thousand; and the average cost, by the week, for each person, is one dollar and eighty-five cents. The labor of the several institutions on the island is performed by eighty-eight officers, clerks, nurses, etc., whose aggregate salaries amount to thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars. The island is supplied with Croton water, which is carried from the city by a pipe across the bed of the river to a large reservoir. The island is also furnished with a complete system of sewers.

The Board of Commissioners, who are appointed by the Mayor of New York, is composed of the following members: Richard O'Gorman, Frederick S. Winston, James W. Husted, Alexander Frear, Isaac Bell, James B. Nicholson, Emanuel B. Hart, Willy Wallach, and, ex officio, the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn, and the Presidents of the German Benevolent Society and of the Irish Emigration Society.

These details about Ward's Island necessarily refer to the provision for the pauper and diseased and otherwise helpless portion of the emigrants, which is a very small proportion of the whole number who arrive at this port. The very great majority are not only no subject of charge upon the charities of the Department, but they bring to our shores a vast increase of valuable population, besides a very large amount of material wealth. Some of the continental emigrants bring with them large sums of money; and a careful estimate shows that the average of the entire number is not less than one hundred dollars for each person. Add to this fifty dollars for each as the average value of their personal effects—as clothing, watches, tools, jewelry—and multiply that by the whole number of emigrants for the year 1869—258,989—and it appears that no less than \$38,848,350 is the aggregate of money, or its equivalent, brought into the country in one year. And when to that sum is added the yearly value of the labor of that quarter of a million of persons, which is tangibly and actually gained to the country, some idea may be formed of the importance of this vast tide of emigration. Its money value is probably not less than three hundred and fifty millions of capital annually added to the resources of the country. This may seem to be an extravagant estimate; but the elaborate analysis of the whole subject by Frederick Kapp, in his recently published volume on Emigration, furnishes a complete demonstration of its accuracy.

COINCIDENT with the arrival in Madrid of Amadeus of Savoy, to assume the crown of Spain, is the funeral of General Prim, who made him what he is, after having, through his monarchical intrigues, involved Germany and France in a direful war. It is said History repeats itself; let us see how the saying may apply:

MEXICO.	SPAIN.
ALMONTE,	PRIM,
Ecile.	Assassination.
MAXIMILIAN,	AMADEUS,
Death.	?

THE *Herald* rather sneers at Mr. Tweed's gift of \$50,000 to the poor of the Seventh Ward. It says that this beneficence does not compare with that of our late sheriff, O'Brien, who has been known to pay twice that amount, in a single night, to a poor fellow for "chips." It is supposed the Hon. Morrissey was the happy recipient of the charity.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

France.—Storing Flour in the Church of St. Nizier, Lyons.—Making Chassepot Rifles at Lyons.—Casting the Electric Light over Paris.—Winter Campaign: Preparations for Firing—Bringing in French Prisoners to Versailles.

The preparations that were made for the defense of Lyons from Prussian surprise gave that city an appearance of unusual excitement and activity. The theatre of the Casino des Arts, as well as the Church of St. Nizier, were stored with rice and flour at an early date, and the manufacture of bullets for the Chassepot rifles was carried on with great energy.

From the Prussian lookout post at the Marly Aqueduct, illustrated last week, strong electric lights are cast over the western side of Paris, behind Mont Valerien, which rises, darkly frowning, in the middle of our view.

The supply of fuel has become an important consideration to the German troops, but wood is, fortunately for them, plentiful. At Beauregard, the other day, women were seen bringing in huge bundles of sticks to boil their kettles with. They have constructed a fortified post of this place, with barricades and loop-holed walls, and there was a great stock of gabions made from the felled trees.

When French prisoners are brought into Versailles there is tremendous excitement among the townsfolk who have friends or relatives in the beleaguered army. Some of these poor fellows look downcast enough; they would have preferred to remain and fight, but the fortunes of war have brought their military spirit to a temporary check at least.

The Spanish Deputation at Florence.

The deputation from the Spanish Constituent Cortes, with their official attendants, numbering more than a hundred persons, arrived at Florence, December 14th, to offer the Royal Crown of Spain to Prince Amadeus of Savoy, second son of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. Their reception at the railway was attended by the civil and military authorities, and a salute was fired. The route taken by the deputation on leaving the station was lined by troops and National Guards, and hung with the flags of Spain, Italy and France. Our illustration shows the scene upon the Lung' Arno Corsini, a part of the riverside terrace of the city.

Inside Paris—The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.

With all the pressure of strictly military work upon them, the Committee of Defense have found time to bestow considerable attention on the valuable public works of the capital. The windows and entrances of the Louvre are carefully sealed up from the outside world by bags of sand, large pieces of turf, and wooden boards, while the most important bas-reliefs are coated with plaster. The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, which stands so conspicuous in the avenue of the Champs Elysees, and is, from the exposed position, more in danger than any other monument, has been particularly well cared for. Rude's fine sculptures are protected by a network of timber, sandbags and turf, and every other precaution taken to preserve the beautiful work from the enemy's shells.

Germany.—A Turco Prisoner.

At the beginning of the present war much curiosity was felt by the Germans at the employment of French Turcos, but as, later on, large numbers of these soldiers became prisoners, they had every opportunity of satisfying their curiosity. Large camps of these prisoners have been formed at Ulm and Wahn, and they are reported to be generally docile and quiet. The engraving represents a Turco prisoner in Germany being closely inspected by two pretty Præleins, who are bound to discover what manner of man he is.

NEWS BREVITIES.

SEVERAL torpedoes have floated from the mouth of the Elbe out into the ocean.

THE Maine State Prison's receipts were \$6,000 in excess of the expenditures last year.

THE splendid collection of Sevres china at Sevres has been destroyed by Prussian officers.

It is said that some English turfmen will run their stock at Long Branch and Saratoga next summer.

VICTOR EMMANUEL has just issued a decree, the effect of which restores the Jews to all the rights of Roman citizens.

THE New York and New Orleans steamship De Soto was burned at the latter port, on Christmas eve, at a loss of \$125,000.

THE New Orleans police have confiscated the wagons and horses of a large number of dealers who put milk in their water.

It cost Boston for each bath taken last season at the public bath-houses, including all expenses, one cent and five mills.

A SNAKE-CHILD, with forked tongue and the general appearance and motions of the fabled Lamia, is described in a physician's letter to the Boston Herald.

THE First Class of the U. S. Naval Academy held their annual ball at Annapolis, January 6th. The throng was something intense—like the enjoyment.

THE ice-crop of 1871 is secure. During holiday week, crystal a foot thick was cut on Rockland Lake, while the Boston ice is of great density and clearness.

CALIFORNIA'S last achievement is a pear: weight, 4 pounds 6 ounces; circumference, 1 foot 7 inches; longitudinal circumference, 1 foot 11 inches; height, 8 1/2 inches.

AMONG the "baggage" of a Prussian officer were found three dresses, a piece of ancient silk, two cloaks, eleven watches, seventeen silver spoons and a large amount of French money.

THE National Woman Suffrage Association is to convene at Lincoln Hall, in Washington, on January 11th, to take steps to urge upon Congress the passage of a Sixteenth Amendment.

A CHICAGO paper estimates that 5,000 ladies received calls in that city on New Year's Day, and that the average number of calls on each was seventy-five, making the whole number of calls 375,000.

THE veterans of the National Guard held their annual ball at the Seventh Regiment Armory, N. Y., Jan. 9th. A novelty was the presence of ladies. Unanimous verdict: Guilty of a delightful ball.

PRESIDENT GRANT, Chief-Justice Chase, Mayor Emory and others have been sued in their capacity of Trustees of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, to enforce payment of materials used in construction of the building.

A MAN in Norwich, Conn., has taken two seats in a Methodist Church, agreeing to pay \$10 to the fund for a new organ, on condition that if he occupies one seat during one service each Sunday for a year, he shall be repaid \$10. If he violates the contract in any particular, he is to forfeit \$50 to the church.

SILVER bars from Nevada, containing a little gold, are arriving at New York in quantity, brought from California, through England. A bar weighs about seventy-five to one hundred and twenty pounds, contains some one-fourth part of gold, and is worth \$1,400. They pack them in ordinary-looking leather satchels.

A LETTER from Eng states that the Siamese twins are worse; they are exceedingly restless, and Eng, who is pained, is falling quite rapidly. These brothers, although they lost some \$40,000 by the Rebellion, are still in good pecuniary circumstances, being worth about \$200,000. The families of the two aggregate some six or eight children.

ARMS were exported from New York from September 20 to December 20, 1870, as follows: 100,154 pistols; 543,520 muskets, muzzle-loaders; 155,805 breech-loaders; 100,150,000 cartridges—30,000,000 metal, 70,150,000 paper; 20,000 sets artillery harness; 50 ordnance batteries, Napoleon 13-pounders; 200,000 blankets; 400,000 pairs army shoes. Total value, \$11,000,000.

ONE of the pleasantest of the minor features of holiday week in the metropolis was the anniversary of the Coitate Mission School, founded by one of the wealthiest, and conducted by several of the most influential citizens of New York. Presents to the amount of \$1,000 were given to the poor children of the Mission, their teachers, etc. A little girl named McDonald, only four years' old, won the prize for elocution.

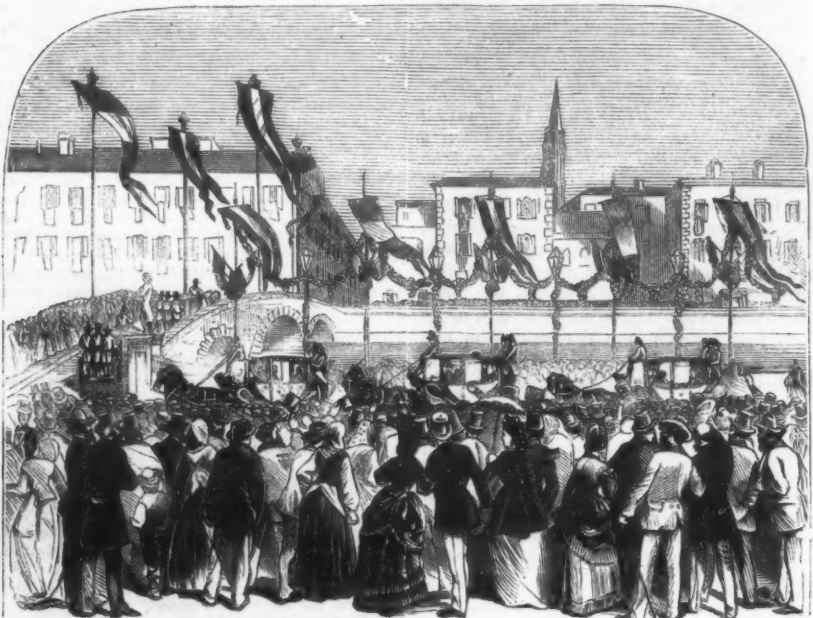
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 307.



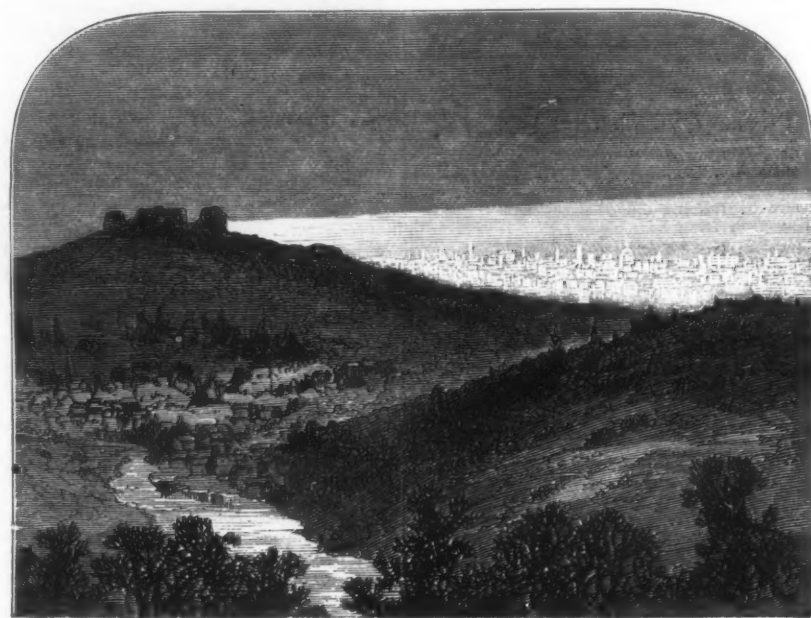
FRANCE.—BRINGING FRENCH PRISONERS INTO VERSAILLES; EXCITEMENT AMONG THE FEMALE RESIDENTS.



FRANCE.—WOMEN BEARING FAGOTS FOR FIRES AND GABIONS, IN THE WINTER CAMPAIGN AT BEAUREGARD.



ITALY.—SPANISH DEPUTATION PASSING THROUGH THE LUNG' ARNO, FLORENCE, TO OFFER THE CROWN TO PRINCE AMADEUS.



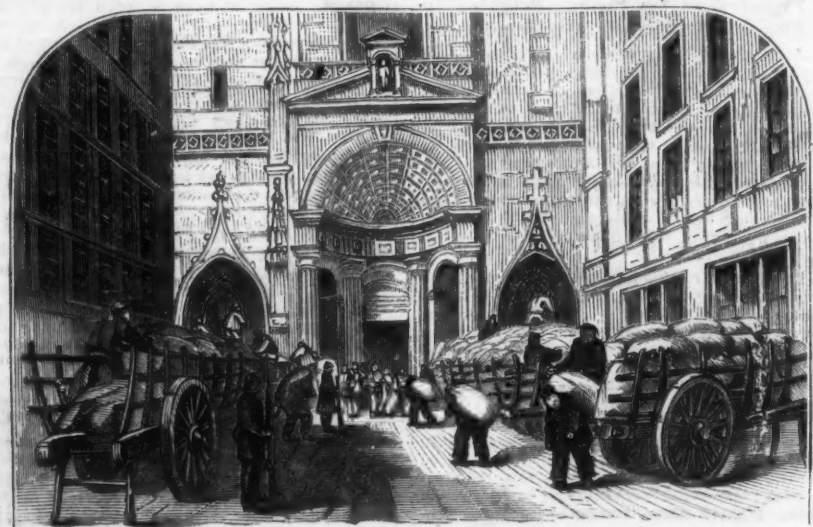
BEFORE PARIS.—THROWING AN ELECTRIC LIGHT OVER MT. VALÉRIEN, FROM THE MARLY AQUEDUCT.



INSIDE PARIS.—PREPARING FOR THE BOMBARDMENT—PROTECTION OF THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ÉTOILE.



PRUSSIA.—ASTONISHMENT OF GERMAN PEASANT GIRLS AT A CAPTIVE TURCO.



FRANCE.—STORING FLOUR IN THE CHURCH OF ST. NIZIER, LYONS.



FRANCE.—MAKING CHASSEPOT BULLETS, LYONS.

COUNT KERATRY.

COUNT EMILE DE KERATRY is a publicist and politician, as was his father, who died at the advanced age of ninety, after having passed through the National Assembly, the Empire, the Restoration, and the days of 1830 and 1848.

Count Keratry was born in 1832, and is a Breton by nativity. He is a soldier of great experience, having served with the cavalry in the Crimea, in Algeria, and in Mexico. In 1865 he retired from the army covered with praise and military decorations. On his return to France he took up the pen, and became a valuable contributor to several leading journals. In 1869 he was returned to the Legislature, where he distinguished himself by the boldness of his opinions.

On the formation of the Provisional Government, Count Keratry was appointed to the Prefecture of the Police of Paris; but when the necessity for constant reinforcements became apparent, he started for the north-western districts of France, and roused the Breton population into action. A determined little army of Breton Gardes Mobiles was raised by the Count, and marched to the front.

Recently the Count retired from the army, in consequence of difficulty with members of the Government at Paris.

M. GAMBETTA AT TOURS.

THE most conspicuous spirits of the First French Revolution were all men under thirty-five years of age; and it is a significant fact that, of the men who stepped into power when the late Imperial Government fell, the only one who has since achieved marked distinction is M. Gambetta, a statesman of but two-and-thirty. Like some other men who have ruled France with despotic power, he is not a genuine Frenchman, for though born at Cahors, he is of a Genoese family. In our illustration he appears haranguing the soldiers in Tours, the capital of the Republican Government. In times of excitement this is a popular recreation for statesmen; nor is it to be despised as a



COUNT EMILE DE KERATRY.

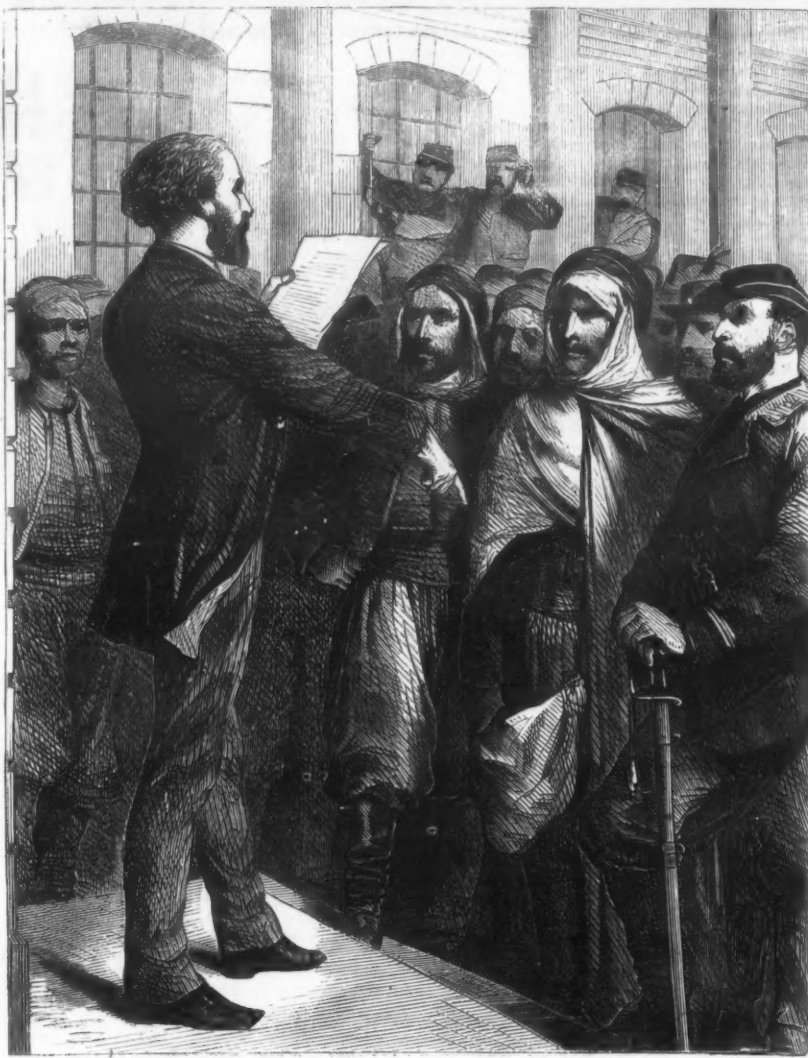
means of stimulating public opinion. M. Gambetta is earnest, and at times really eloquent, but it is feared that, like his predecessors, he finds it impolitic always to speak the whole truth.

BALL OF THE AMERICUS CLUB, NEW YORK.

THE annual ball of the Americus Club occurred on the evening of the 5th, at the Academy of Music and Irving Hall, New York, and was the most brilliant event of its kind ever witnessed in the metropolis. Irving Place had been overarched, to enable the guests of the Club to have free range of the Academy and Hall buildings.

The chief decorations were exhibited at Irving Hall, which was devoted wholly to the purposes of reception by Hon. Wm. M. Tweed, promenaded and committee rooms.

The first object to attract the attention was a floral temple rising from the middle of the floor quite to the ceiling. This was eighteen feet wide and thirty-six feet high, and included within its dome the central chandelier of the hall. All around the hall, the trap seats and the wall as high as the galleries, were hidden by a bank of evergreens and flowers, and from the edge of the galleries and the gas-jets depended hundreds of flower-baskets. The facades of the galleries were draped with intertwined festoons of evergreens dotted with blossoms, and above the galleries, the walls up to the ceiling were covered with flags and flowers. At the end of the room the circle of shrubbery was widened to ten feet, and a parterre of flowers formed, within which were erected vases of marble filled with exotics and statuary representing Ceres, Peace, Plenty and Pleasure. Beyond this, the end wall of the room was occupied by a large painting representing the familiar haunt of the Americus Club at Indian Harbor, framed in fans and drapery of the American colors. In each corner and midway down each side of the hall was a large fountain of cologne, perfuming the atmosphere; and in the floral temple was an elegant fountain filled with gold-fish, and sending streams of water to a height of twenty feet. The most attractive feature of the whole display, however, was the presence of over a thousand canary birds, fluttering and chirping in gilded cages hung from every point, on gallery, temple or gas-jet, from which such an ornament might depend.



FRANCE.—M. GAMBETTA HARANGUING THE SOLDIERS, AT TOURS.

In the Academy of Music but few decorations beyond those of the auditorium itself had been attempted. The stage, orchestra and parquet had been flooded over for dancing. The stage was cleared, and the flats set for a drawing-room scene, with a tent-roof tinted to correspond with the colors of the walls. At the rear of the stage, a back-scene, covering the whole wall, represented the new buildings of the Americus Club as they are to appear. In front of this scene, a gas device, fifteen feet in diameter, representing the well-known badge of the Club, with the familiar tiger's head surrounded by the legend "Americus Club," and appropriately flanked with corkscrews. From each of the four chandeliers over the stage hung ornamental cages filled with chattering canaries.

The regulation dress for members of the Club consisted of a blue coat and blue pants with white vest. The pants were ornamented with a narrow stripe of gold braid, and the coat, near the sleeves, was similarly decorated. Upon coat and vest were seen fifteen buttons after the new Club pattern. The design consisted principally of a tiger's head cut in gold, and painted with garnet eyes. Each member also wore a badge, the general execution of which was similar to that of the buttons, although there was a good deal of diversity in this respect.

The opening quadrille was formed at ten o'clock. The attendance was upward of six thousand persons, including officers of the General, State, and Civil Governments, of the army and navy, and of neighboring States.



MME. ROSA CILLAG, PRIMA DONNA OF THE GRAND ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.—SEE PAGE 321.

The cost of this ball, it is said, was twenty thousand dollars. But for the actual outlay for it a million dollars is much nearer the correct estimate.

We acknowledge the courtesies rendered our artist by A. L. Georgi, the decorator.

SOME LEGENDS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

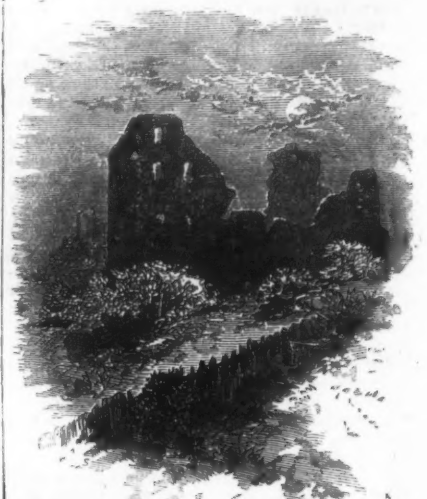
ILLUSTRATED.

II.

CHARLESTOWN.

(Concluded from our last.)

A FEW days after Miss Harrison's return to Mount Benedict, the Lady Superior, whom Dr. Thompson, a Charlestown physician, has mentioned as "thoroughly educated, dignified in her person, and elegant in her manners, pure in her morals, of generous and magnanimous feelings, and of high religious principles," was rudely waited on by one of the Selectmen of the town—the same whose kind intentions respecting the farmhouse have been mentioned—and informed that the convent would be destroyed if the Mysterious Lady could not be seen. The Superior had already told this gentleman the state of Miss Harrison's health, and the incidents leading to her temporary aberration of mind, and she knew it was quite in his power to contradict any wrong impression abroad, and to quell any uneasiness without troubling her further; but, it being Sunday, she now appointed Monday, the next day, for the five Selectmen to be shown over the establishment, and included in her invitation two neighbors who had been instrumental in increasing the popular prejudice. On Monday the visitors came, and ferreted the house through from cellar to cupola, occupying three hours, looking even into the paint-boxes, searching every closet, opening every drawer, assisted by the Mysterious Lady, Miss Harrison, herself, in person. Their errand done, they declared them-



LEGEND OF CHARLESTOWN.

RUINS OF THE URSULINE CONVENT OF MT. BENEDICT.

selves satisfied that not only was there nothing to censure in the least, but, on the other hand, much to praise, and they adjourned to the house of one of their number to prepare a pronouncement to that purpose for the morning papers. They had but little more than left the building, just before sunset, when a group of men gathered about the gates of the avenue, using impertinent language; but, upon the Superior's notifying the Selectmen, she was assured there was not the least prospect of the occurrence of anything disagreeable. It was shortly after nine in the evening when she became more seriously alarmed by a great noise on the Medford road, made by an advancing mob, with cries of "Down with the convent! Down with the convent!" With much presence of mind, she instantly aroused the Community, telling them she feared they were in danger—the rioters on the road, meanwhile, constantly increasing in force with new arrivals, on foot and in wagons, from every quarter. After waking those that were asleep, she went into the second story of the building, and, throwing up a window, asked the party of forty or fifty gathered outside what they desired, adding that they were disturbing the slumbers of the pupils, some of whom were the children of their most respected fellow-citizens. They replied that they did not mean to hurt the children, but they must see the nun that had run away. The Superior went to fetch her, but found that she had fainted with fright, and lay insensible in the arms of four of the Sisters. The Superior then returned to tell the people that this was the case; she asserted to them that the establishment had that day been visited by the Selectmen, who had been pleased with all they saw, and would assure them of it, and that if they would call on the next day, at a suitable hour, they should have every satisfaction. They asked her if she were protected, and she answered, "Yes, by legions!" invoking the celestial guardians. But other parties having come to swell their numbers, they replied in indecent terms, calling her an old figurehead made of brass, telling her that she was lying, and that they had one of the Selectmen with them who had opened the gates to them. The Selectman then came forward, and advised the Superior to throw herself on his protection, but as he was the same Selectman

whose officiousness had already produced much of the trouble, the Superior, after asking him if he had secured the attendance of any other members of the board, refused to trust her establishment to his safe-keeping, telling him, if he wished to befriend her, first to disperse the mob. This he feebly attempted, deterring the rioters from firing the building, when they called for torches, by telling them that if lights were brought they would be recognized and detected—after which noble effort he returned to his house, and valiantly went to bed.

The mob then fired a gun in the labyrinth under the willow-trees, possibly as a token of some sort to their accomplices, and withdrew a little, while waiting for the fresh arrivals. At about eleven o'clock the fences were torn up and a bonfire kindled, which is believed to have been a concerted signal for the presence of all the conspirators, and the bells being rung as for an alarm of fire, both in Charlestown and Boston, multitudes pressed to the spot. Several fire-engines also appeared—the Charlestown ones halting opposite the bonfire, and one from Boston passing up to the front of the mansion, where it was seized upon by the mob and prevented from doing any service when needed, if so inclined. Rumor still runs that at this point, when Boston would have sent other engines and further means to subdue the disturbances, the drawbridges were lifted, and it was found to be impossible to get them down. The arrival of the engine from Boston was, however, instantly followed by an assault upon the building in the shape of a shower of brick-bats and clubs against the windows, after which the bold assailants waited to see if any defense were to be made, or any resentment manifested to this attack, which they knew might kill or maim many of the helpless inmates. This brief pause allowed the Lady Superior opportunity to marshal her little flock, whom she had refused previously to allow to leave the building, lest that should be only betraying it to its destruction, and under convoy of the terrified Sisters to secure their retreat down the garden, into the summer-house, and over the fence into the adjoining grounds, where they were safe till they could be collected in a friendly house: there had been sixty children to be taken care of, and of the nuns that night one was in the last stages of pulmonary consumption, one was in convulsive fits, and Miss Harrison had been wrought, by the agitation of the evening, to a raving delirium. The Superior, having performed this duty, lingered herself, with the true spirit of a leader in such situation, opening the doors of every room and looking into every dormitory, calling every child by name, to be sure that none were left behind, and then, last of all, descending to her own room to secure the valuables there, together with a thousand dollars belonging to the revenue of the institution; but before the last of the children had left the building the varlets had poured in, and as she herself fled from it they were but ten feet behind her. In a moment afterward the house was filled with the mob, shouting, yelling, and blaspheming; torches snatched from the engines lighted the way for them, they ransacked every room, rifled every trunk, broke open every drawer, stole watches, thrust the costly jewelry of the Spanish children into their pockets, split up the piano-fortes, shattered the splendid harps, and even made way with the altar ornaments presented by the good Archbishop of Bordeaux. Having satisfied their curiosity and greed, they riled up the furniture, curtains, books, pictures, in the centre of the several rooms, and deliberately set fire to every heap, threw in the altar vestments, the Bible and the cross, and the act of virtue consummated, left the building in flames. After this, the bishop's lodge experienced a similar fate, the farmhouse belonging to the institute followed, and the grand demonstration of proper religious sentiment wound up with tearing open the tomb of the place, pillaging the sacred vessels there, stealing the coffin-plates, and scattering the ashes of the dead to the four winds.

Not a hand was lifted to stay these abominable proceedings, by any one of the vast multitude outside; the firemen, who declared frequently that they could prevent the flames if allowed, were hindered from acting—although their sincerity may be suspected from the fact that an engine returned to Boston decked with the flowers stolen from the altar; the magistrates neither made any remonstrance, nor read the riot-act, nor demanded help of neighboring towns, nor asked for the services of the marines at the Navy Yard, nor made a single arrest during all the seven hours of the riot. And though the outside multitude, who took no part in the crime, were all Protestants, not one of them dared to protest against this outrage, not only upon weakness and defenselessness, but upon civil liberty, and all remained paralyzed until the end, doubtful perhaps if there were enough disapprovers among them to be of any avail, and entirely forgetful that a stream from a single engine-hose would have dispersed the whole mob more quickly than a battery could have done.

Meanwhile the nuns, escaping with difficulty, and with yet greater difficulty supporting the young consumptive, Sister Mary St. Henry, and setting her across the fence at the garden's foot, had found a kindly shelter, and were shortly afterward invited by old General Dearborn to his seat in Roxbury, called Brinley Place, where they found once more a home, although, before they were fairly settled there, Mary St. Henry died, at the age of twenty. Although an invalid, this young woman had been able to give a lesson on the day of the destruction of the convent; all that night she lay in a cold rigor, and eleven days afterward she was dead. Her funeral was one of unusual pomp; every Catholic in the vicinity made an object of attending, half the citizens of Boston were organized into a special police through expectation of some reformatory, and so deeply roused were the feelings of the injured party, that it is probable nothing but the most unremitting exer-

tions of their clergy prevented severe retaliation. The matter, however, did not end here immediately. Loud expressions of disapprobation were heard from all portions of the State, and a self-constituted Committee, of the best names in Boston, including such as Robert C. Winthrop, William Appleton, Horace Mann, Theophilus Parsons, and Thomas Motley, prepared at once to investigate the affair, and bring, if possible, the miscreants to justice. They examined more than one hundred and forty persons, and, chiefly by their exertions, thirteen arrests were made, of which eight were of a capital nature. The young woman who had scattered the atrocious slanders was visited, and she retracted everything but the assertions relative to the severe penances of the sick nun; but even on that point her word was discredited by means of other witnesses, the sisters by birth of Mary St. Henry; it was proved that she had been a charity-student in the institute, desirous of taking the veil, admitted on probation for six months to discover if she had either capacity, sincerity, or strength of character, falling to display which she was about to be dismissed, when she left secretly. Miss Alden, a young lady who had taken the white veil at Mount Benedict, and afterward freely left it, testified that, upon living there two years, she became convinced that she had no vocation for an ascetic life, and made her feelings known to the Superior, who advised her accordingly, strongly as they were attached to each other, to depart if she could not be happy there, of which no one could judge but herself, and to her decision it should be left, for their rules allowed no one to remain except such as found their happiness there, and there only. "She told me," said Miss Alden, "that I was at liberty to go when I pleased, and should be provided with everything requisite for my departure—which was done two years after, having remained that length of time merely from personal attachment to the Lady Superior." And it was equally evident that others desiring to do so had been allowed to separate themselves from the Community in the same manner. The charge of inhumanity to the sick was also sifted, and found amounting to nothing; the child with the scarlet-fever having been sent home upon the first symptom of the disease, to prevent the infection's reaching the remaining children. And to an assertion in relation to secret vaults beneath the building, the mason, one Peter Murphy, who laid the foundations, declared, under his own signature, that nothing of the kind existed. Although unanimously opposed to the Roman Catholic forms of religion, the Committee published a most magnanimous report of their investigation; and finally a man by the name of Buzzell was brought to trial as a ringleader in the late atrocity. He received, however, a very singular trial; one of the jurors was several times seen to be asleep; and though it was proved to be he that had beaten the convent-gardener, that had been seen actively encouraging the rioters, breaking the doors, bringing tar-barrels and firing them, and though on the retirement of the jury they stood seven to three for conviction, on the way from their room to the courtroom they became unanimous for acquittal. The only person ever punished for complicity in the affair, was a mere boy, convicted on very insufficient evidence, but for whom it was probably supposed the penalty would be made right; he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, his mother died of a broken heart, and finally he was pardoned out, ruined, and died before his time. There all proceedings ended. The nuns were invited to establish themselves at Newport, in the land where Roger Williams made religious toleration a fact, but the proposition was declined, partly perhaps because the attack showed where their work was needed, and partly in the belief that Massachusetts would render justice, inasmuch as having always paid for protection, when then the protection was withheld the State became responsible for all damages. This responsibility has never been met. Repayment has been constantly urged by all denominations; Theodore Parker made himself especially prominent in the matter; but, owing to a mistaken judgment of what the popular opinion may be, no Legislature has yet been found with sufficient courage to make an appropriation to reimburse the Convent for its losses, and in refusing this demand for payment the State has virtually repeated the outrage year by year.

Perhaps no more scathing commentary on the whole matter will ever be made than that to be found in the following exact copy:

"NOVEMBER 26, 1834.

"Received of Bishop Fenwick, the sum of seventy-nine dollars and twenty cents, the same being taxes assessed by the Assessors of the town of Charlestown, upon the land and buildings of the late Convent of Mount Benedict, for the year 1834, and which were this day demanded by Solomon Hovey, Jr., Collector, agreeably to instructions received by him from the Assessors, to that effect, although said buildings had been destroyed by a mob in August last.

"\$79.20.

(Signed)

"SOLOMON HOVEY, JR., Collector."

THE LEGEND OF LORD DERWENTWATER'S LIGHTS.—In Northumberland the aurora borealis is known among the peasantry by the name of Lord Derwentwater's Lights. In the attempt to replace the Stuarts on the throne, the Earl of Derwentwater, head of the great Roman Catholic north country family of Radcliffe, took a conspicuous part, and paid the penalty on the scaffold. On the night of his execution there was a brilliant display of the aurora borealis, and the simple peasantry by whom their lord, a man of high and amiable character, was greatly beloved, associated the phenomenon with the death of the unfortunate young nobleman. There is also a legend that the water in the moat of Dilstone Castle, the family-seat (reddened doubtless by the reflections), turned blood-red on that same fatal night. Our readers will recollect the maniac calling herself the Countess of Derwentwater, who lately claimed the estates by sitting before the gateway on her baggage. The electric displays of last November strongly revived the old legend in the neighborhood.

JIM BLUDSO, (OF THE "PRAIRIE BELLE.")

"The West," as we have often predicted, is the direction from which a distinctive American literature will come. Mr. Harte has done something, as "Phoenix" did before him; but, barring what the strait-laced would call "a touch of blasphemy," we rather vote for John Hay, Maj., Col., Sec. Leg., and the Lord only knows what not besides, who has abandoned "the ways that are dark" of politics, and taken to honest writing for the *Tribune*. This is his last!

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike.
A keardless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied;
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the Pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
And her day come at last—
The Movaster was a better boat,
But the Belle she couldn't be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was running and cursing, but Jim
Yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

MR. BRADFORD'S POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

HIS PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE FORMATION OF GLACIERS AND ICEBERGS.

ONE of the most agreeable forms of instruction attainable to the public this winter has been the series of expositions of Arctic scenery by Mr. William Bradford, the well-known landscape artist. In these displays the valuable photographs collected by Mr. Bradford were thrown upon a screen by the oxyhydrogen process, so as to be visible to a large audience, while the physical features of the Arctic regions, formation of bergs and glaciers, etc., were clearly and ably described by Mr. Bradford and by Dr. I. L. Hayes, who on many nights lent his experience and knowledge to the entertainment. In Boston these lectures were most successful, and a high encomium was passed by Professor Agassiz upon their graphic representation of "the remnant of that great ice-sheet once spreading over the whole United States, now shrunken within the limits of the North Pole." The course has been repeated in New York and Brooklyn.

Mr. Bradford has collected his facts from a number of actual explorations in different quarters. In 1869, not satisfied with his trips to Labrador, made for the purpose of intercepting the icebergs floating with the polar current, he went in a little 350-ton steamship, the *Panther*, into the higher waters of Baffin's Bay. Mr. Bradford always voyages in company with a photographer, whose accurate views supplement the labors of pencil and sketchbook.

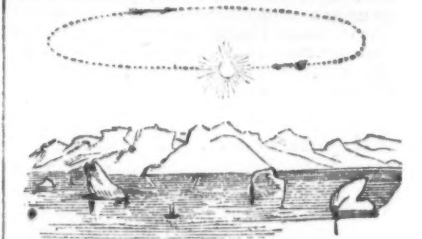
Notwithstanding the thorough researches of scientific scholars, the frozen regions of the North are still invested with a grand and fruitful mystery, by which the occasional glimpses we have through and beyond the crystal walls that skirt the polar district are rendered instructive and entertaining. The transparent stalactites depending from the crests and bold abutments of ice-mountains, formed by the percolation of water through the ponderous mass; the weird, fantastic outlines which the glacial bodies assume during the various stages of their wonderful existence; the swift, subaqueous currents, tunneling glaciers for miles in extent, giving detached portions the likenesses of diamond grottoes, sparkling with prismatic hues, are features that are studied over and over again, with increased interest, in those far-away countries.

As we advance to the North Pole the line of perpetual snow naturally descends, so that the

interiors of elevated plateaux, which, in a milder climate, would be verdant with woodlands, are covered with long and broad coats of ice. During the miocene times the Arctic zone evidently presented an aspect entirely opposed to that which now makes it a district of mystery and strange phenomena. Then, it is but reasonable to suppose, from the explorations and conclusions of experienced students, it consisted of fruitful lands yielding luxuriant forests, in which the poplar, fir, plantain and linden were freely distributed.

Now, during the greater part of the year, an immense glacial desert, accompanied by huge floating and grounded bergs and large fields of drift-ice, spreads over Greenland and other countries of the same latitude.

If the sun lends its beams to beautify and enrich the Tropics, it also throws over this ice-bound region a magnificence and grandeur with which none other can compare. The monotonous gloom of the long night of winter finds magical relief in the rare beauty of the auroral displays, while the warmer portion of the year exhibits the phenomenon of the



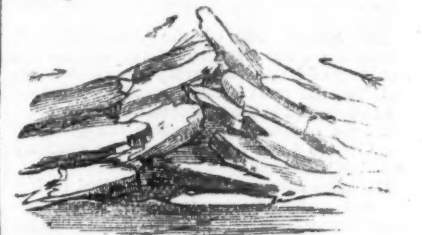
SUN MOVING IN AN ELLIPSE.

Can anything be more mysterious to the unaccustomed navigator than this spectacle of the orb of day, when apparently about to set, curving slowly up again, and presenting, within a very short time, the phenomena of sunrise and sunset?

The Arctic navigator not only has to guard against the immense visible obstructions of ice, but his greatest skill is required to clear his vessel from the perils of hidden shoals, sunken cliffs, and the precipitated bergs, like rocks, which have become firmly imbedded in the ground.

The birth of the iceberg is upon the high plateaux, where the snow accumulates, gathering with it stones, detached pieces of rock, and other rubbish. The warmth of the sun loosens the mass from its bed, and when it has increased to a sufficient density, it slides from its cradle down the sides of the hills, until obstructed by previous deposits awaiting similar action, or until it reaches the water's edge. Here the snow gradually becomes solidified by the freezing of the water, and increases in weight by frequent slides. The formation of the young ice is retarded by the clouds: its greatest nightly freezing being, in August, three-quarters of an inch. As the season advances, the formation is more rapid. The slides continue; the original deposit is forced out upon the surface of the *floids*, until, by the action of the sea and temperature, portions become detached, which are recognized as *drift-ice*. In time these lumps increase in size and quantity, rendering the progress of vessels exceedingly dangerous, and soon constituting *pack-ice*. This, in turn, consolidates into a *floe*, and then an *ice-field*, with a vast horizontal extension.

While the flocs are in the state of increase, the tides, which are remarkably variable, catch portions in directly contrary currents, and urging them with irresistible force, bring about a collision that may be heard for miles. The advance portions of the flocs crash and break into huge crags. The current whirls them about until, by the accumulation, they leap upon the solid part of the opposing flocs, forming



AN ICE-FOOT.

grotesque and often fearful in appearance.

This fresh deposit coming upon one end of the individual floc, depresses that portion, while the opposite extreme, answering the immutable law of equilibrium, becomes elevated. Thus the crease which has formed the water-line is exposed to view, while another is being eaten by the tides. These water-lines add much grandeur to the eccentric shape of old bergs.

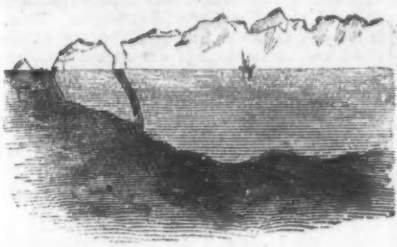
The commingling of such blocks of ice forms the most general feature of the ice-regions; but for those grand and lofty specimens of Nature's work, the icebergs and glaciers, we look back to the formation of the drift-ice at the edge of the *floids*.

The exposed or outer end of the snow and rock slides becomes detached, and floats away, as we have seen. The part that lies too far back to be thus cut loose, slowly stretches itself toward the opposite bank of the *flood*, receiving large and continual reinforcements from the high lands, until it spans completely the surface of the water.

Then the subsequent slides give it increase in height and thickness, and the tide rushing against it gradually bends it to a crescent shape, when, the ends loosening themselves from the banks, the whole mass starts upon its singular journey. Here we have the glacier, the parent of the bergs which thickly stud Smith's Sound, Disco and Baffin's Bays, and Davis's Strait.

The progress of the glacier is exceedingly

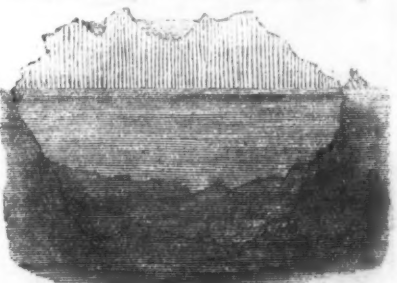
slow, seldom more than five or six inches a day, and the top, or part of the water, moves vastly more rapidly than the submerged two-thirds. Collisions with bergs that have grounded, or new glacial formations on the banks of the fords, cause the



SEPARATION OF PONDEROUS BLOCKS

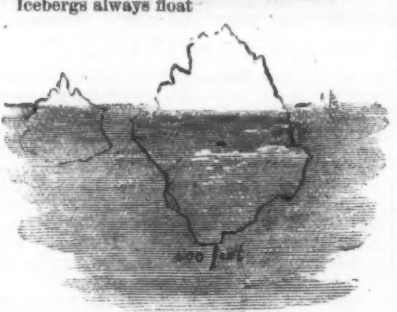
from the glacier, which, taking an individual course, start, too, on their journey as icebergs. In a high sea the waves beat against an iceberg as against a rock; and in calm weather, when there is a swell, the noise made on their rising and falling is tremendous.

Their usual form is that of a high vertical wall, gradually sloping down to the opposite side, which is very low; but frequently they exhibit the most fantastic shapes, particularly after they have been a long time exposed to the power of the waves. The vast dimensions of the icebergs appear less astonishing when we consider that many of the glaciers from which they are dislodged are equal in size or volume to the largest streams of Europe.



A BERG WITH SMALL LAKES

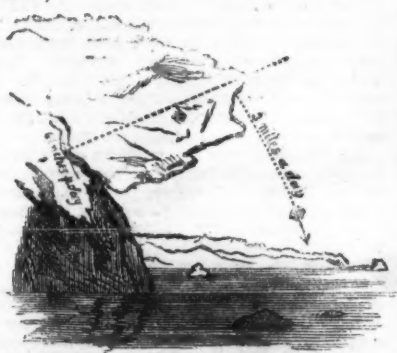
contained in fissures and indentations made by the sun and sudden shocks, and supplied with water by rain and melted snow, is but one of the many features of this glacial wonder. The water is fresh and pure, and navigators in these regions depend upon it for drinking purposes, anchoring their vessels at the base of the bergs, for security against drifting floes. Icebergs always float



TWO-THIRDS UNDER WATER.

Estimates of their size are necessarily rude. Dr. Hayes measured one which had stranded off a little harbor to the north of Melville Bay, whose square wall was 315 feet high, and a fraction over three-quarters of a mile long. Considering its specific gravity, it must have gone aground in a depth of about half a mile. Its cubical contents were about 27,000 millions of feet, and weight something like 2,000 millions of tons. Captain Ross mentioned one 4,169 yards long, 3,689 yards broad and 51 feet high above the sea level. It was near aground in 400 feet of water. The great Humboldt Glacier, connecting Greenland and Washington Land, shows a solid glassy wall 300 feet above the sea, with an unknown depth beneath, while its curved face extends 60 miles in length.

The water about the glacier is filled with a white sediment, which is supposed to proceed up from the bottom of the ice. When the angle of the protruding part of a glacier becomes very acute,

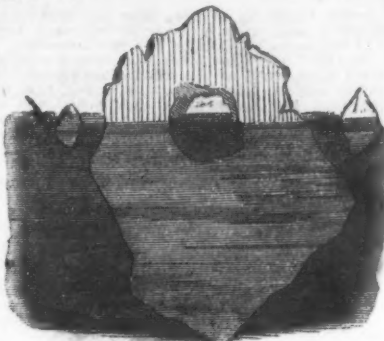


THE OVERHANGING MASS BREAKS OFF

suddenly, and falling in the water, either becomes grounded at the bottom of the ford, or forms a new berg. The speed at which this rupture occurs is remarkable; to its natural force as a falling body is added the extra momentum of its usual water velocity, the top moving faster than the bottom.

When the detached parts have increased to considerable size, they are frequently caught in currents which whirl them rapidly until they

are quite round, when, floating a little further on, one of the mysterious under-currents of warm water which penetrate these masses will cut a



GOTHIC GROTTO THROUGH THE BERG.

the water-line being about the centre, though occasionally the entire tunnel is seen on a level with the sea.

RIVER PRIVATEERING.

AMERICA'S immense inland navy, whose proportions are owing to the prodigious size of her rivers and lakes, is famous in peace and war. But the usual bane of naval war—privateering—in her case is extended over the times of peace, and it is her merchant navy which especially suffers. The operations of river robbers have been growing in bold and murderous villainy for a long time past, but have been especially hardy during the past autumn and present winter. Sometimes the local Kidd or Semmes acts in collusion with a venal ship-captain whom he has bought over. Sometimes, as in the affair of December 20, the captain is blameless, and is shot for his innocence. Scarcely a day passes without a record being made of some desperate attempt at robbery, with violence, along the river frontage of this city; and it not infrequently happens that not only is property of great value stolen, but men are missed who were left in charge of it, and never again heard of. The sure inference is that in most cases murder, as well as robbery, is committed.

A desperate affray occurred at two o'clock on the morning of the 20th ult., between the crew of the schooner C. Clemens, lying near Corlaers Hook, at the foot of Jackson street, New York, and some river thieves, who contrived to get on board the vessel, and to collect a quantity of valuables, before they were detected.

One of the thieves then entered the cabin, in which the captain, Samuel Mose, lay asleep. The thief accidentally made a noise and awoke Mose, who leaped from his berth and attempted to seize the intruder. The latter at once drew a pistol and fired at the captain, the bullet entering the side of the schooner close to his head. Mose, undismayed, advanced on the robber, who then retreated backward, up the steps leading from the cabin, firing as he went. He fired five shots in all, the last of which took effect in the leg of the captain, incapacitating him from further pursuit. The ruffian then made his escape. Meantime the noise of the pistol-shot had awakened William E. McCann, mate of the schooner, who ran on deck in time to see a couple of thieves running away. He discharged a pistol, and wounded one of them. James Coffee, of No. 406 Water street, a notorious river thief, whose brother is in the penitentiary for the same offense, was arrested later in the morning on suspicion.

But the operations of these precious buccaneers are not confined to any one city. Their depredations are of constant occurrence in all our harbors. Opposite the Philadelphia Navy Yard, just one week before the above outrage, a barge commanded by Captain William Graham was boarded and robbed of \$40 worth of ratlines. On January 4th, at the foot of East Fifteenth street, New York, a pair of rascals were discovered attempting to remove from a barge a valuable quantity of rope, but on detection leaped into their boat and rowed swiftly away. Since last summer, on the Hudson River alone, two murderers and several robbers have been arrested. It has now been satisfactorily shown that a regularly organized gang of river pirates is or was in successful operation along the river towns and villages, and samples of their work were the Cold Spring murder, the Newburg murder and robberies, the Poughkeepsie and smaller town operations. Recently the Newburg and New York police made a number of important additional discoveries, and arrested Hugh Prendergast, a notorious desperado, in Newburg.

MR. BERGH, AND THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which Henry Bergh, Esq., is the very active President, is now in the fifth year of its existence. Its record shows that it has been conducted with the strictest fidelity to the humane and civilizing trust confided to it. It has greatly ameliorated the sufferings of the lower animals, and while so doing the tone of public morality has been elevated.

The shocking exhibitions of cruelty which were once of continual occurrence in the streets of this city and elsewhere are greatly diminished, and every day gives additional evidence of the Society's usefulness as an agent of humanity and civilization.

During the four years of its existence, Mr. Bergh and his active officers have collected a museum of implements of torture, the objects in which are as curious as ingenious. The articles were seized while in use upon various

animals—the cow, sheep, dog, and even rat, being subject to inhuman cruelty.

One of the most recent discoveries is that of the "Bit Burr," which has been seized by the agents of the Society upon street-car, truck, and carriage horses. The same instrument of torture has been used in Washington. It consists of two circular pieces of leather, one side being thickly studded with long and sharp tacks, and a back-piece or cover stitched to it to give a good resistance to the nails. These Burrs, fastened to the bit, placed on each side of a horse's mouth, will most assuredly make the animal step high and give frisky evidences of the preponderance of animal spirits; but the laceration they effect upon the tenderest part of the horse stamps them as one of the most injurious and uncalled-for contrivances in use among the professed friends of the noble steed.



THE "BIT-BURR," NATURAL SIZE.

The use of the Burr is threefold—it is supposed to spare the coachman some little trouble, when driving; it compels the horse to hold his head in one position; and finally, when the fellow wishes to "show off," he jerks the reins, the twenty or thirty nails enter the tender flesh of the animal's mouth, and it prances in magnificent agony!

The traces also are sometimes prepared with these sharp nails, so that at every pull the poor horse is impaled alive. A half-peck of such nails and tacks are now at the office of the Society, awaiting their owners' orders; but they come not; thereby manifesting their disapproval of the usage.

Through the exertions of Mr. Bergh, the employer of a coachman on Staten Island was convicted before Justice Corbet of the use of the Burr, and fined ten dollars. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of our dumb animals, who render us incalculable services, that future arrests for this act of cruelty will be followed by a summary punishment.

Before this Society started on its merciful mission the entire brute creation were regarded by the laws of our country mainly as property. Now, through its instrumentality, there are twenty-one organized kindred institutions in operation, located in fifteen States, including Canada.

In conclusion we would remark, that if the record of any other humane and benevolent institution exhibits greater usefulness than this one, we have yet to learn the fact.

THE NECESSITY FOR CORRECTLY AND PLAINLY DATING LETTERS.—Says a writer in *London Notes and Queries*: "Some people have a bad habit, when writing letters, of never adding the year to the day of the month; so that, after awhile, it is impossible to tell the exact day, which at times may be very important. Another practice, almost as bad, is the slovenly way of omitting the first two figures of a date, and putting 99 or 70 for 1899 and 1870. Even this is very objectionable. I am old enough to recollect many letters and papers, at the end of the last century, thus carelessly dated, and I remember wondering then if they belonged to 1698, for instance, or to 1798. So now one might be puzzled, on meeting with one of these half dates, whether its abbreviation stood for 17 or 18. I also strongly object to another bad habit, that of writing figures to represent months, as 4 | 15 for April 15. The evil of such a practice is, that there is no uniform method observed. Thus one person will put 4 | 5, meaning April 5; and another by the very same figures will mean May 4, as some put the month first, and others the day first. It would be far better—and really so little trouble as not to be worth calculating—if every one would, on every occasion, write dates fully and unmistakably.

The seeds of the ground-nut, better known to the youth of our country as pea-nut, are often parched, and used as a substitute for coffee. We have now a new application of them: they are used for making chocolate (so called); for this purpose they are beaten up in a mortar and the mass compressed into cakes, and it is said to form a most agreeable chocolate without a particle of true cocoa. More than this, the seeds are prepared as a dessert sweetmeat by parching them and beating them up with sugar.

The tropical portions of Western Africa would probably be uninhabitable were it not for the vast number of ants there. They are constantly engaged in clearing away all decaying matter. Their number is incalculable, and their voracity prodigious. According to a late traveler, their hives are superior in appearance to the huts of the Liberian negroes. They are in the form of a pyramid, and some of them are thirty feet high.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

STEPHEN GLOVER, the song-writer, has just died in England.

MR. H. TALBOT, a well known English actor, is coming to the United States.

LYDIA THOMPSON and her burlesque company are going to New Orleans shortly.

THE burlesque of "St. George and the Dragon" was brought out at Wood's Museum, New York, on the 9th.

MRS. DEVEREUX BLAKE has engagements to deliver her lecture entitled, "Soldier and Victim," extending as far South as Richmond, Va.

CARL CLOOGER CASTELLI, well known as Professor of Vocal Music in the Leipzig Conservatory of Music, has decided to make Boston his future home.

THE English Opera Company, in process of formation by Madame Parpa-Rosa, will commence a series of performances in London, on a large scale, next autumn.

MADAME CELESTE, the veteran actress, so well known on the American and English stage, closed her public career on the 17th of December last, at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

THE composer, Saverio Mercadante, who has just died at the age of seventy-two, was the last eminent representative of that branch of the Italian lyric school whose illustrious masters were Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini.

THAT musical veteran, George James Webb, has terminated his relation as organist and conductor to the New Jerusalem Church, in Boston, which has continued for thirty-six years, and will remove to Orange, N. J.

A ROMANCE is told about Anna Mehlig, the great pianist. She has a German lover whom she is unwilling to marry without a fortune as her dower; consequently she is unremitting in the exercise of her fingers, and dresses very plainly.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT, who has been engaged to play De Mauprat in "Richelleu," on its forthcoming production at Booth's Theatre on January 9th, will be the star attraction at all the Saturday evening performances. On January 14th he will appear in "Love and Loyalty."

A CONCERT was given by Signor A. L. Morn, at Association Hall, New York, on the 5th, for the benefit of the Church of the Holy Saviour. The audience was large, the request for "evening dress" was literally complied with, and some of the toilets were exceedingly elaborate and elegant. The names of Gazzaniga, Lefranc, Tedesco and Mills were sufficiently powerful to insure a thoroughly good concert.

THE first concert of the second season of the Church Music Association—a misnomer, by the way—of New York, took place at Steinway Hall on the 4th. The orchestra numbered seventy-two performers, and the choruses were sustained by two hundred and fifty voices. The works performed were Wallace's overture to "Lurline," Haydn's Third or Imperial Mass, and Weber's music to "Preciosa." Dr. Pech conducted.

THE season of Italian Opera at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, alluded to in a previous number, was opened on Wednesday evening, January 4th, with "Il Trovatore." Mme. Rosa Callias, the prima donna brought to this country by Mr. D. de Vivo, made her debut on this occasion as Leonora. The other parts were filled by well-known artists—Signor Lefranc taking the rôle of Manrico, Signor Reyna that of Di Luna, and Mme. Gazzaniga singing the part of Azucena.

On the arrival lately of Sig. Antonio Barili in New York, on his way westward, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis gave a musical soiree in his honor, at which one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a feast of sweet sounds. There was no programme, but several ladies and gentlemen vocalists volunteered. Sig. Barili accompanying with a delicacy and skill that showed his mastery of the piano-forte. Prof. Wilkins executed piano solos admirably. Mr. Munroe, the tenor, and Misses Brewster, Phelps, Woolard, Roderich and others participated.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE Ex-Empress Eugénie never walks out without a cane.

MME. CHARLES REYBAND, the well known French novelist, has just died at Nice.

THE landscape-painter, Conrad Wisgall, died at Vienna recently, aged 113 years.

PRINCE ESTERHAZY has sold his famous picture gallery to the Hungarian Government for 2625,000.

GENERAL SCHENCK is, in point of service, the Father of the Congressional House, having begun his career in 1835.

VON MOLTKE's chair, at his hotel in Berlin, is kept crowded with a laurel wreath, and no one is allowed to sit in it.

CUSTIS LEE, who formerly declined to succeed his father as President of Washington College, has formally accepted.

PROF. L. R. PACKARD, Professor of Greek at Yale College, was married recently to a daughter of Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK had a public reception in St. Louis on the 3d in honor of his return from the Ecumenical Council.

THE most popular man in Paris just now is Sergeant Hoff, who, by craft and air-guns, has assassinated his forty-third Prussian sentinel.

OF twenty-five clerical pioneers of Methodism, who, in 1804, constituted the whole force for the country west of the Alleghanies, Peter Cartwright is the sole survivor.

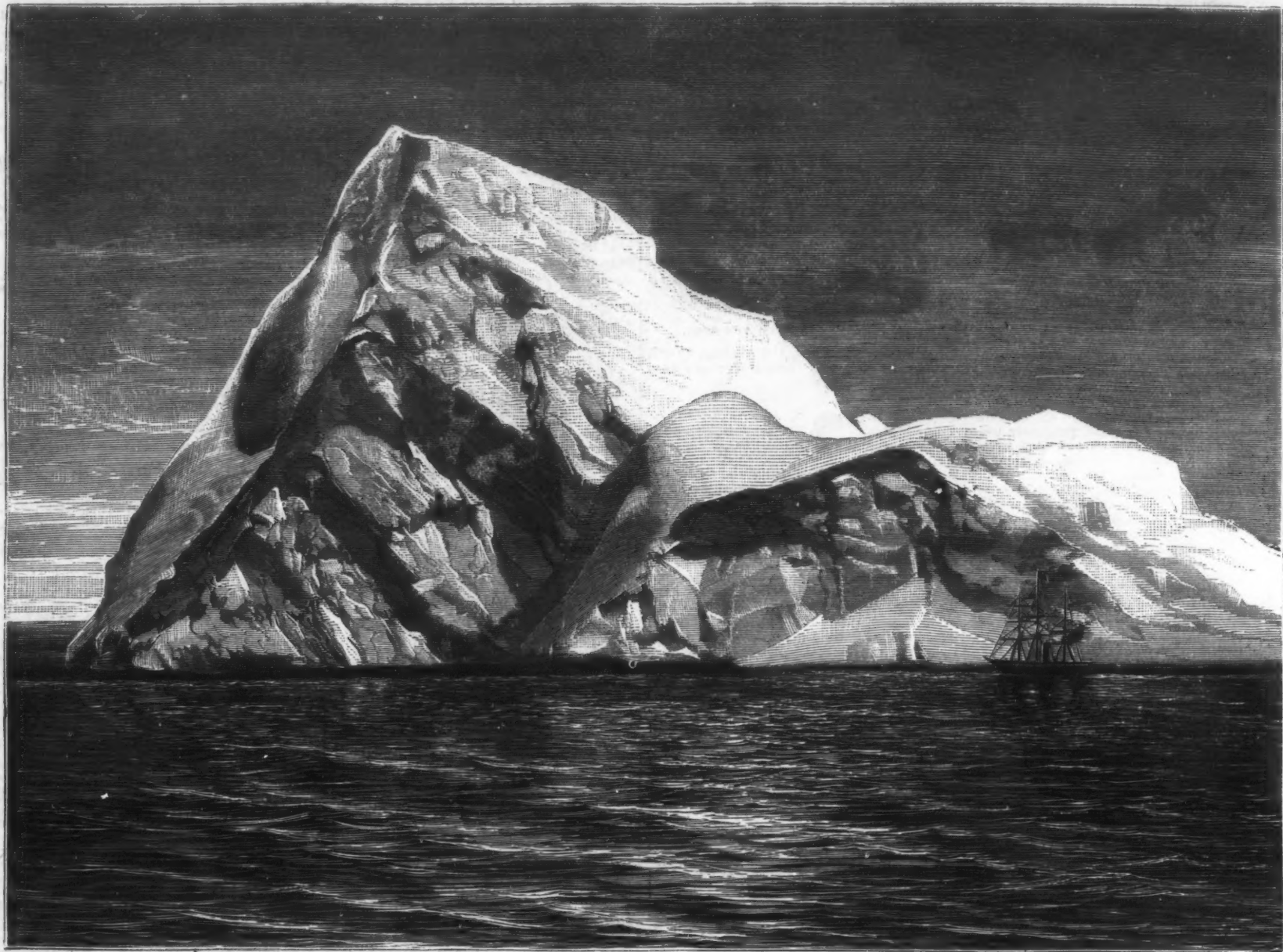
GENERAL ROBERT ANDERSON, the hero of Fort Sumter, is living with his family in Venice. His daughter Isabella is a regnant belle, and is said to be engaged to an Italian duke.

ONE of the chief of M. Gambetta's acquisitions is Mazzini, whom he keeps constantly near him. The fertile brain of the Italian dreamer is the source of most of the French lawyer's plans.

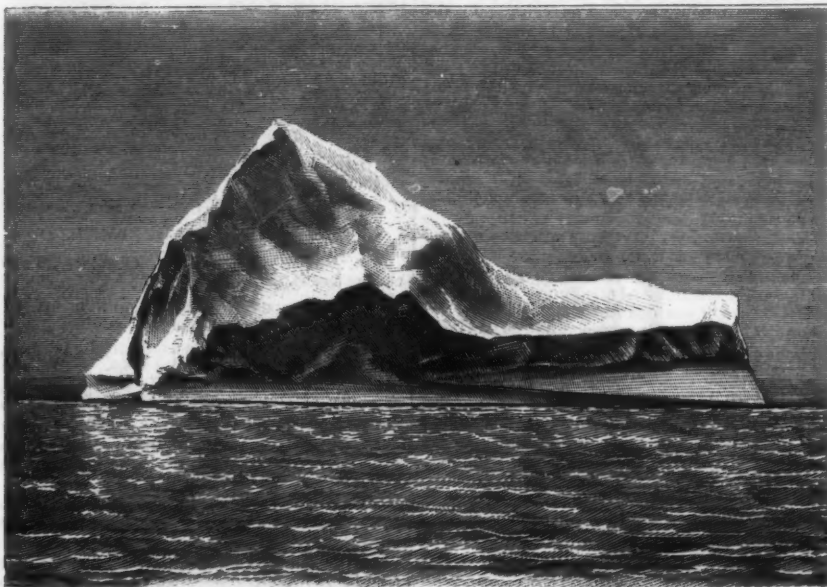
THE friends of Major-General Burnside are to tender that distinguished gentleman a complimentary banquet in New York, in acknowledgment of his recent services to France and Prussia.

LARKER, the principal leader of the Liberals in Prussia, and, in the absence of Bismarck, the principal leader in the Reichstag, is a "dapper little man," so little that, when he sits on his chair, his feet hardly reach the floor.

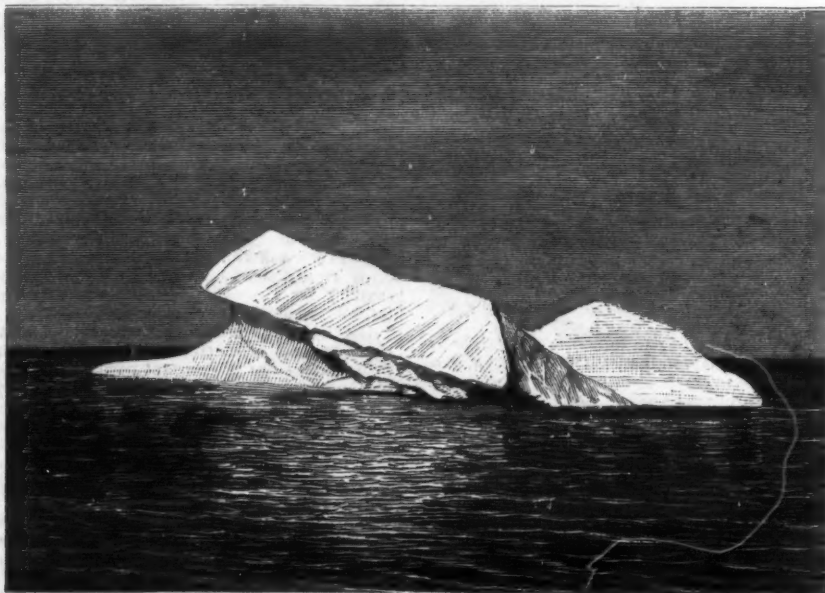
AN exchange says the individuals upon whom the Jenkinses of the press have bestowed the hand and heart of Nilsson, number exactly five—viz.: 1st. Duc de Massa; 2d. Gustave Doré; 3d. A young Russian count, "very rich and very deaf;" 4th. A wealthy London banker; 5th. M. Rousselin, a French gentleman of moderate fortune.



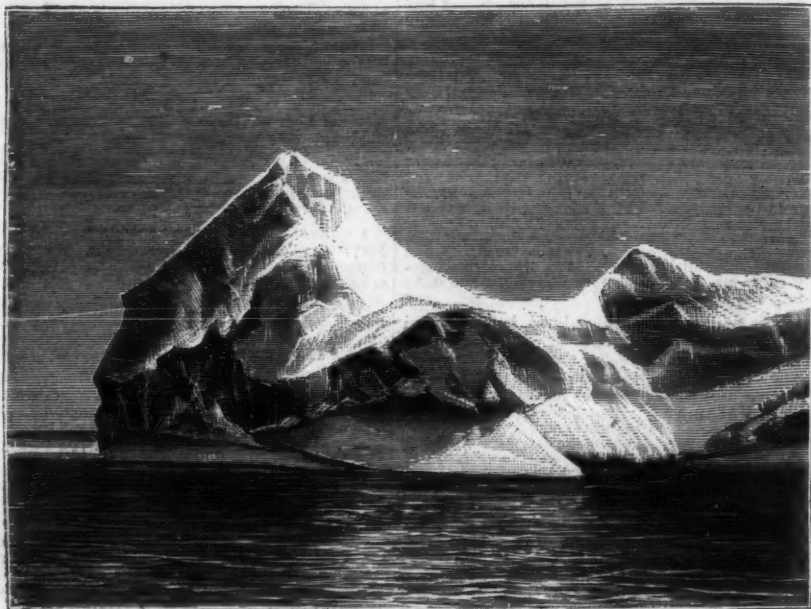
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE POLAR EXPEDITION OF MR. WILLIAM BRADFORD—THE PANTHER ANCHORING IN THE SIDE OF A GIGANTIC BERG.—SEE PAGE 810.



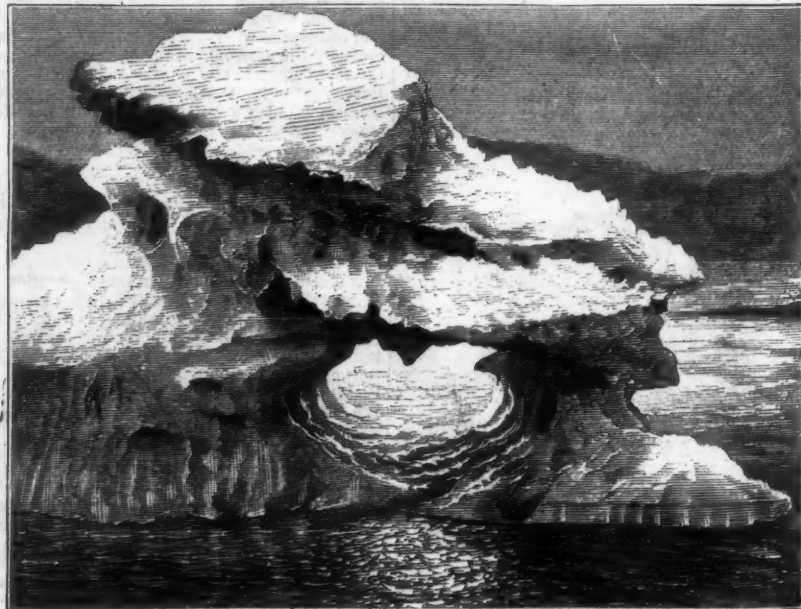
BERG SHOWING A NUMBER OF WATER-LINES, NEARLY PARALLEL.



BROKEN BERG SHOWING WATER-LINES THROWN OUT OF LEVEL.

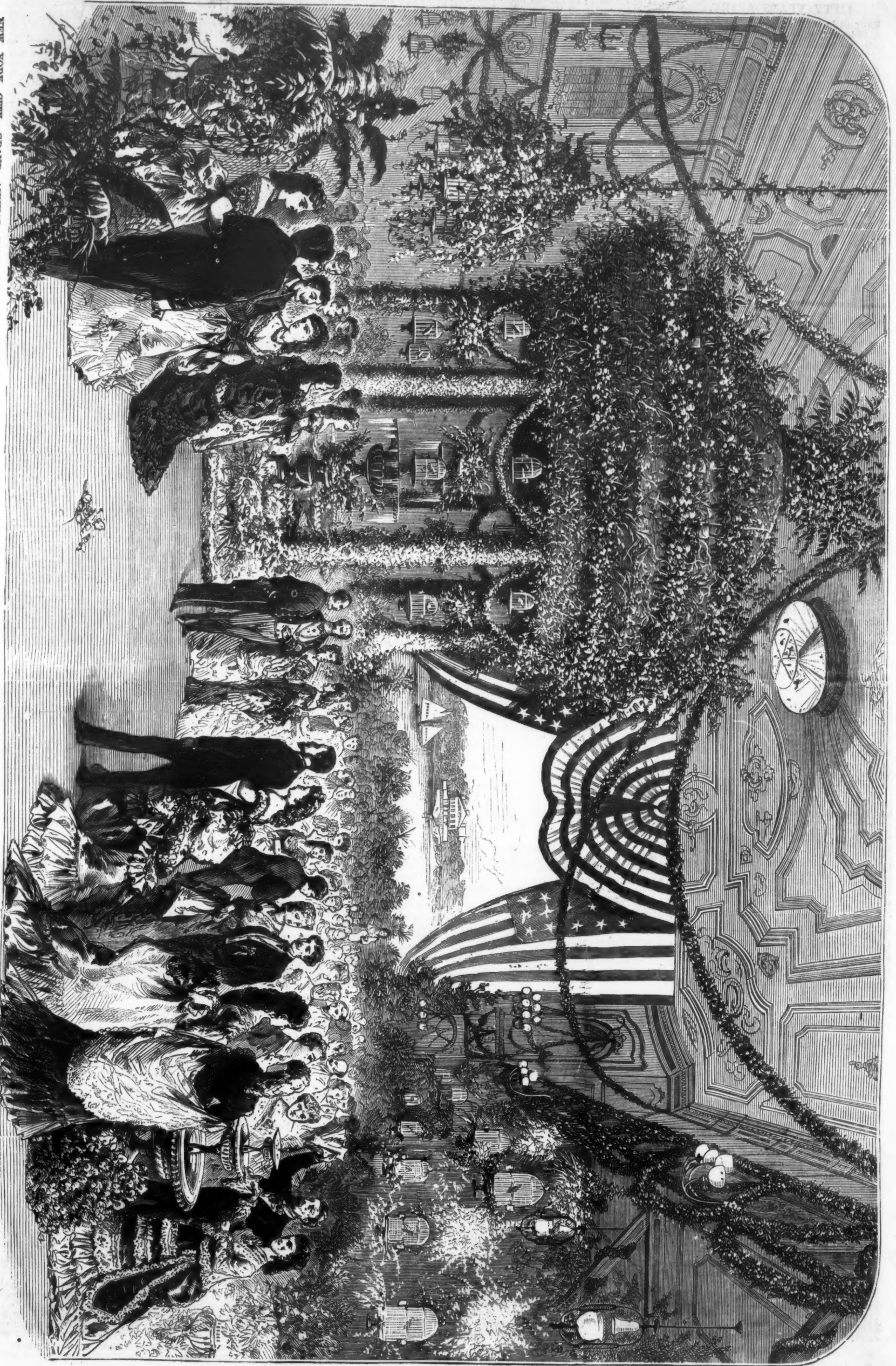


SHEETS OF SNOW DISSOLVING AND SLIDING DOWN A BERG—COMPLICATED FORMATION OF WATER-LINES.



BERG WITH TOP MELTED OFF, SHOWING THE EMERGENCE OF TUNNEL AND OF ANCIENT WATER-LINES.

NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND ANNUAL BALL OF THE AMERIGUS CLUB, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND IRVING HALL, JANUARY 21.—HON. WM. M. TWEED RECEIVING THE GUESTS OF THE CLUB AT THE HALL.
See Page 309.



FIFTY YEARS APART.

THEY sit in the Winter gloaming,
And the fire burns bright between;
One has pass'd seventy Summers,
The other just seventeen.

They rest in a happy silence,
As the shadows deepen fast;
One lives in a coming future,
And one in a long, long past.

Each dreams of a rush of music,
And a question whisper'd low;
One will hear it this evening,
One heard it long ago.

Each dreams of a loving husband,
Whose brave heart is hers alone;
For one the joy is coming,
For one the joy has flown.

Each dreams of a life of gladness,
Spent under the sunny skies;
And both the hope and the memory
Shine in the happy eyes.

Who knows which dream is the brightest?
And who knows which is the best?
The sorrow and joy are mingled,
But only the end is rest.

A FATA-MORGANA OF
THE FISHERIES.THE DEATH-SHIP OF PORTUGAL
COVE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright September day, when there were no fish in the bay, and when there was plenty of drift seaweed on the shore; so most of the men and some of the women living in Portugal Cove turned out to rake in those glistening long brown ribbons, which, when laid on the land, were to give them good turnip crops and a fine potato harvest. They were a merry set, and the loveliest woman of them all, if the poorest, was Mary Peard, that olive-skinned, picturesque-looking girl, who lived with her widowed mother in a miserable little hut at the end of the hamlet; and perhaps the happiest man, as he was the richest, was young George Martin, who had been sweethearting Mary for the last two years or more—unsuccessfully.

Mary's life was a hard one at this time, though no one in the Cove knew how hard. Young George Martin was far away the best match of the place; and poor as she and her mother were, without ever a man belonging to them to help them to live, and only a small share in one of the boats, no one could understand why she so persistently refused him. He was a handy fellow and well-looking in a way, and he was fond of her, as every one knew; but the girl, a proud, high-spirited, rough-headed little gipsy, as fierce as a mountain-cat and as haughty as a queen, would not hear of him as a lover; and she would give no reason why—unless, indeed, her "I don't like him and I won't have him," could be called a reason. Once, and once only, she had said to her mother, when closely pressed, "I don't trust George Martin, mother; he's a liar like his father, and I have no fancy for liars." But to-day, while they were raking in seaweed, she was less ungracious to him; and George began to think that at last his patience and forbearance were to win the day, and that the wish of his heart, so long desired, was to be granted before too late.

Mary Peard, though true as steel, was but a woman; and, being a woman, George Martin's long and ardent wooing began to make its mark. Was it wise, she asked herself, to give the go-by to George, as she did, when she might put her mother into a good home, for what was, perhaps, a fancy of her own, after all, and no reality?

This was the reason, then, why she was a little less ungracious than usual to him to-day.

Suddenly Mary got quite close to George Martin, and spoke to him with a strange familiarity of look and manner. If George had had eyes for anything but the false glimmer of his own hopes, he would have guessed something of the truth from the flush of shame and anger together that came on her face as a coarsely handsome, countrified kind of gentleman came riding down the winding cliff road and on to the sands where the men were working. This was Mr. Trescat, of Glentrescat, the naked, treeless white house on the slope of the hill, and the only man of means, save the clergyman, belonging to the parish. He was married, but his wife, of better birth than himself, was both plain and sickly, and they had no children. He had been in the army at one time of his life; his character was none of the best; he was bold, brave and coarse; he had a keen eye for beauty; and, having this keen eye, he had cast it on Mary Peard.

Between Mr. Trescat and old Daniel Martin, George's father, was a silent feud of long standing. It dated many years back, from quite smuggling times, when Martin, then in the prime of life, had run one among many other illegal ventures, and young Trescat gave information to the Preventive men. And it had continued up to the present day, when this same Martin, now the richest fisherman of the Cove, stood out as the representative of the rest against the squire's claims to the foreshore rights—Mr. Trescat having rented the strip of coast which bounded his property, and being prepared to use the advantages which the law gave him. Hitherto the fishermen had helped themselves to all that the winds and the waves brought up into their Cove; and they could not be made to understand that walls and strays did not belong to the man who, perhaps, risked his life to get them. Now they were to be held under a different regime than the loose

one of old days; and it was notified to them that Trescat claimed the foreshore rights, and that he meant to enforce them. And the Cove men, with Martin at their head, denied those rights, and swore they would not respect them.

"Good-morning, Martin!" said Mr. Trescat, roughly, with a quick glance sent roving among the workers, as if he was looking for some one. When he caught sight of Mary Peard, raking up the seaweed by George Martin's side, and speaking to him in that strangely familiar manner, leaning on her rake and laughing up into his face—his glance rested there, and his face grew a dusky crimson.

"Is your son making up to Mary?" he asked, rudely.

"Mary'll get a good one if he is," answered Martin in his smooth way, smiling.

"You think so, of course; I think the girl a match for his betters," said Mr. Trescat, hastily. "Maybe, if they could be found," Martin replied, still smiling, so far as lips went, and still with that covert fierceness of look beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

Mr. Trescat gave his unoffending horse a cut with the whip that made the poor beast start and plunge. Then he said, in a high and angry voice, "Martin, I want you to understand about my lease. I intend to carry it out on the first occasion, so I give you all warning. The foreshore rights are mine, and you fellows can only claim salvage."

"You think so, squire?" said Martin, quietly but determinedly. "And I say use goes before papers. I deny your right from first to last; the boys are at my back, and we'll fight you in every court of law you like to take us to."

"And you'll get cast, you fool; fools all of you!" said Trescat, irritably, as he put his horse forward, and rode to where Mary was raking in the weed. "Well, Mary," he said, in a more amiable voice, but still not quite himself, "so I see you and George here have been making it up together, hey? We'll soon have the wedding breakfast, I suppose?"

Mary's eyes flashed, and her olive skin flushed. "It's a pity people take so much notice of what don't concern them!" she said, pertly, for she was pert at times.

"If girls don't want to be taken notice of they should not let young men follow after them," said Trescat. Then he added quickly, "Mrs. Trescat wants to see you at Glentrescat, Mary; she wants to see you this evening."

"I will not come," said Mary, sullenly. "My duty to the lady, and I cannot come," she added, mending her manners and dropping a courtesy.

"I don't think I shall take that message, my girl," Trescat said slowly. "I shall tell her you will come—in the evening, mind, after seven o'clock." And with that he rode off; and the men flung "good-day" at him again as he passed.

Mrs. Trescat was trying to teach Mary lace-making; and Mary did her best to learn, feeling that if she refused George Martin, with his boats and his father's reputed wealth, she owed it to her mother to work hard at anything that might turn up, and catch at any straw that might keep their heads above water. But lace-making, for a girl who gathers in seaweed and goes out knee-deep into water for shrimps and shell-fish—who cleans fish by thousands, and salts pilchards by hogheads—was not very likely work; and of late, since one moonless night, not so very long ago, when Trescat had met her in the garden, as she was leaving, Mary had not been to Glentrescat for a lesson—and all ladies resent neglect in their poorer sisters. Had she known the truth of matters, she would probably have changed her opinion. Presently Mr. Trescat came riding back again.

"I forgot," he said, in his loud voice; "Mrs. Trescat sent you this, Mary, for your mother." And he stooped from his horse, and gave her half a crown ostentatiously.

Tears of rage came into the girl's eyes. "I don't want it, sir," she said, huskily. "Take back your money, Mr. Trescat; I do not need it."

But for all answer the rich man patted her under the chin with a familiar kind of patronage that made Mary long to strangle him.

"Tut, tut! little girl," he said. "What need of so much fuss to-day about the matter? If you do not want it to buy a ribbon for yourself, take it to buy food for her—do you hear?"

"We don't let them want, sir," said George Martin, a little too haughty.

And Mary looked at George with wonderful kindness, and let Trescat see her look; the instant after raising her eyes to his with a pretty mixture of boldness and shyness, as she said, frankly, yet with her face on fire all the same: "Yes, sir, they all help us; George here is the best."

On which Trescat rode off again, with a muttered oath at them both.

"Are you going to take me at last, Mary?" said George, drawing near to her.

"I might take a worse, perhaps," said Mary, softly—her head full of the shrubbery and the half-crown and those wicked looks, and thinking, not unreasonably, that it would be better for her to be a wife, and protected, than as she was now, with those dreadful lessons in lace-making to be undertaken.

George took her hand between both of his, and pressed it, but got no more out of her for this day.

When evening came, Mary "cleaned" herself, and mounted the hill which led up to Glentrescat. To-day was Monday; and on Monday a kind of tumble-down old omnibus came past the bend of the field-road that led down to the Cove, taking passengers to a little village about four miles beyond. Walking slowly, feeling very sad and sorry, sorely perplexed with her life, she heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs as they trotted—wearily enough, poor brutes!—over the last miles of their long journey.

A sailor was on the crowded roof, lying among the luggage, and singing snatches of popular songs more gay, perhaps, than nice.

He was a broad-browed, fair-haired man, in the prime of life, with a bushy brown beard and mustache, and a pair of the frankest blue eyes that ever looked out of a human head. And then he picked up his bundle, stuffed his gay bandanna handkerchief further into his bosom, bade the passengers good-night as if they were old friends, and scrambled down from his lofty perch just as Mary crossed the granite stile and came out on to the road.

"Mary, is that you?" said a rich, full, manly voice; and the girl, putting both her hands in his, answered, in tones that were in themselves a caress: "Jose! home again at last!"

The next minute the sailor was holding her in his arms, kissing her pale, wet face—pale and tearful from joy; and the love which had been cherished for all these years unspoken needed no more expression than that kiss.

And now all fear of Trescat, of George, of her mother's poverty, all her own perplexity, fell from Mary's heart; and she, as George had done not so many hours ago, felt safe and rewarded. As she clung about the strong, brave man who had come at last to claim her, it scarcely seemed as if the earth was the same to-night it had been this morning.

"Oh, but I am happy!" she kept saying again and again; and Jose echoed: "Ay, and I am happy, too, my girl—too happy, I might say."

CHAPTER II.

GREAT was the rejoicing at Portugal Cove that night, when Jose Carne came home with Mary Peard by his side. I am afraid many a man had a dizzy head next morning from the strength of the stuff Polwheeler, at The Swan, sold for good health and glasses round. The fisher folk cling closely together, and are only happy amongst each other. Besides, Jose was a general favorite, and he had saved money; and more than one speculated as to which girl he would take. And many thought it would be Mary Peard; and, indeed, some of them got a sudden enlightenment of wits as to the reason why George Martin's suit had not prospered.

George himself came to know the truth only the next day. Looking in at Mary's cottage on his way to his boat, he saw Jose Carne sitting by the fire, smoking, and Mary's chair drawn close to his. George entered in a pleasant frame of mind enough—humble, if in earnest, and desperately in love—but when he saw Jose sitting there, in that familiarity of attitude which said so much, his passion rose as his hopes fell, and he swaggered forward with an indescribable air of bravado, of mastership and custom, as if he had as much right to the girl's society as the best of them could claim.

Mary flushed to the roots of her tangled, curled black hair—partly from a woman's natural anger at the affront implied, but partly also from shame and conscience; and Jose looked up with a good-humored kind of surprise, as a sailor would before knowing that he had cause to be angry.

"You don't mean Jose to cut me out, Mary?" said George, with an unpleasant laugh; "and after yesterday, too!"

"After yesterday! What nonsense are you after, George?" flamed out Mary (she could only face it out now, she thought). "What was there in yesterday that Jose should not be sitting here with me?" and she laid her hand on the scarred and freckled hand of her lover.

George laughed again. "Well, that's rare!" he cried, sneeringly. "And after all you said when we were carting weed!"

"Don't believe him, Jose, my dear!" pleaded Mary. "George Martin's his father's son, and we all know what Dan's word is worth when it suits him to speak with two sides to his tongue." She turned round again as she said this, and faced George Martin fiercely.

"Don't you be afraid, Mary, my dear," said Jose, tranquilly. "It would take more than George to make me think an ill word of you. But I don't see much call that you've got to be here at all, George, when I'm at home." He rose slowly as he said this, and with a certain shouldering attitude, suggestive enough; and so George Martin understood it.

"No offense, Jose," he said, with his father's smile. "It was only my nonsense. You see, I fancied Mary, and I thought she fancied me. However, Jose, if she says 'No' to me now, and you are sitting there, I've no more to say. I made a mistake, that's all; and the best of us may do that, any day of the week."

And on this he walked out of the cottage, and so down the rough-hewn steps out in the cliff to his boat, and no one saw him again for that day. And when he had gone Mary went and sat on Jose's knee, and told him everything—all she had thought and all she had felt, and what she had feared for her mother, and what she had not dared to hope for herself; a touching little story, told in her own rude dialect.

She told him, too, about Trescat and his bold ways; and at this Jose swore till he half-frightened her, accustomed as she was to hear rough words and angry voices among the men. George Martin's wooing had not troubled him much; he was one of themselves, and it was all fair play, man with man, and the best to win; and if George had fancied her, that was only to be expected; for how could he help it? thought Jose, with a tender heart for that curly, little, rough, black head, and dark-eyed, olive-colored face; and no harm done to any but himself, the boy! But when it was a gentleman and a married man coming his foolery on a dark night among the trees in a grand garden, and making use of his lady's kindness to catch her when she couldn't help herself—a girl without ever a man belonging to her to see her righted—and his own girl, too—then the sailor's quick blood boiled fiercely enough, and Mary was half sorry she had told him.

If they had looked further ahead they would have seen more reason to fear George than the rich man of the square white house; but they

never thought of quieting their souls with reasons showing his harmlessness.

CHAPTER III.

MR. TRESCAT was furious, his wife was annoyed; the one swore the jade should never enter his house again, the other sighed and said she must give her up to her own bad courses—sorry that she could do nothing with her.

But not to show a petty spite unbecoming a gentleman, Trescat rode down to the Cove again next day to scold Mary Peard for her disobedience, and try to bring her to reason. It would not do, he thought, to have this insubordination; and he was a man who liked to make his authority felt among his inferiors, though personally he was free and open-handed, too.

It was a beautiful day so far as artistic beauty of sea and sky went, but the dark, broad line of troubled slate on the horizon spoke volumes to the fishermen. To-day also, as yesterday—as for many days now—the Cove men were all ashore. There was no fishing to be had in this glaring noonday sun. So the men knocked about the Cove, and mended nets, and hammered at old boats, or daubed pitch and paint where necessary, and did what they could to pass the time they could not utilize in the ordinary way.

Thus they were all about when Trescat rode down again to "blow up the little jade" who had failed in her duty so outrageously last evening in not obeying the lady's command. And thus it was that he met Jose Carne face to face, when he hitched his horse's bridle up to the cramp in Ann Peard's cottage wall, and went in beneath the low-hung door.

Service on board a man-of-war had taught Jose manners. Instinctively he rose from his chair as the squire came in; but the expression on his face was not quite so respectful as his attitude; and Mary, who knew the most of the three, trembled at the look in his eyes and the squire's, and dreaded the outbreak she saw was so sure to come.

"Well, Jose, so you've got home again, I see," said Mr. Trescat, in that high-handed way of his—that oppressive familiarity of the superior which hurts a spirited man of lower degree almost as much as a blow.

"Yes, sir; I'm at home again, as you say," said Jose, shortly. "I think it's time, from all I hear," significantly.

"Yes? Why? Father and mother doing well, I fancy? Who wants you?" said Trescat, flicking his whip against his boot.

"Some one does, Mr. Trescat: Mary, here, for one."

"Mary? Whew! Does the land lie there? Why, I thought Mary and George were making up together."

"Well, sir, we all know that's a lie, whoever says it!" flamed out Jose. "Mary never favored George nor no one else—nor no one else, Mr. Trescat!" with emphasis.

"Your ways are so unlike ours, who can tell what they mean?"

"And it's well they are unlike some of yours, sir," said Jose, angrily. "It's well that we poor men are not like you gentlemen, and that we know what's low better nor some of you, and keep clearer of it."

"Do you dare to speak to me like this, you scoundrel?" cried Mr. Trescat, striding forward.

"Ay, and to a dozen such as you who makes bold to say a word against my girl," said Jose, in a low, ominous tone. "You are not the man to speak of her—you tried it on and found it didn't fit, or I'm a liar!"

"Don't, dear Jose, don't!" said Mary, laying her hand on his shoulder. "You said you'd be peaceable; you said it, Jose!"

"Oh! that's the game, is it?" sneered Trescat. "I suppose, though, you think you can get money out of me to hush it up? Hey, Mary? You were never more mistaken in your lives, my good people. Not a farthing, on my word of honor!"

"This for your word of honor?" shouted Jose, as he sprang on Trescat, catching him unprepared, and kicking him bodily out of the hut.

And there, in the face of day, with the fishermen all hanging about, and the women and children, attracted by the fact of the great man's presence, clustered round agape, was the great man spun out of a thatched cottage by a stalwart sailor, in a blaze of jealousy about a barefaced fisher-girl with tangled hair and a gipsy face. They all saw him flung out like a bale of goods, and a bad bale, too; while Jose, triumphant and furious, stood by the cottage door, and rolled his shirt-sleeves above his elbows.

There was no help for it; the disgrace was complete; and the Nabob had nothing for it but to pick himself up and ride up the hill again, swearing to be revenged on Jose, and make him remember this day's work to the last hour of his life.

The deceitful sea had thrown off its mask, and by nightfall, as the tide came up, there came up with it a storm—one of those storms which seem as if they must shake the very earth itself and bring to nothingness the strongest ramparts of nature. Presently they heard a distress gun in the distance, and they saw, between the rifts of driving foam and spray, blue lights and rockets thrown up from a vessel that was tossing, disabled and rudderless, in the offing, rushing with deadly force before the wind and tide right on to the rocks. Nearer and nearer she came, so near that they saw her spars and hull, as if she was coming into their midst. The life-boat was manned; but as they ran her down the gangway the ship struck on a huge pile of rock which comes out like a sentinel guarding the entrance to the Cove. They heard the grinding of her keel and the splitting of her timbers, mingled with the cries and shrieks of the shipwrecked men. Again and again she was taken up by the waves and dashed upon the rocks; and by the

time the boat put out she was a total wreck, having parted amidships, with all her life and treasure cast to the waves.

The night was too dark, the sea too high; not a man was saved among them all; but the tide washed up some bruised and mangled corpses; and when the morning broke the Cove was strewn from end to end with wreck.

This, then, was the first fruits of Mr. Trescat's leased rights, and presently his bailiff appeared to claim them.

The men were busying themselves in saving what they could. They felt aggrieved if it should turn out that it was for Trescat, not for themselves, that they were working; and more than one swore loudly at the hardship of toiling comparatively in vain, and of giving his strength that another might profit. But old Martin cheered them on with assurances that they should not suffer, and that they should keep what they saved.

For Mr. Trescat himself, he was not sorry to have an occasion whereby to wreak the vengeance seething in his heart; and he came down as a chief among his serfs, and swore and ordered to his heart's content.

Jose Carne had not lent a hand in bringing in the wreck. He had brought in two or three dead bodies, and they lay now, covered with a sheet, near the store-hut for the crab-pots. This was his job, he said; and a sad one too. But he did not want to take salvage of Squire Trescat, and left others to do that who had a mind; and the one who had most mind for the work was old Daniel Martin.

Ostentatiously, with an affected show of honesty, he would bring to land a bit of the poor ship's timbers—a stove-in barrel, a length of frayed, untwisted rope, and pile them upon the beach where Trescat and his bailiff stood, taking notes. He worked with prodigious energy, apparently; but the money value of his bringing was not beyond a few pence, and the more worthless it was, the greater the parade with which he laid it on the beach and directed Mr. Trescat's attention to it. Jammed up in one of the crevices of the rock, however, old Martin found a case of jewels. It was a small case—just a set of diamonds—no more; but the old man knew something of the value of his find, and slipped the treasure into his pocket. And Trescat saw him do it.

When he came back to shore again, down went Trescat, and laid his hand on his arm.

"That find, Martin?" he said, sternly. "You had better give it up quietly, man; else, by the Lord, I'll expose you before all the Cove. Give me what you have in your pocket—quick!"

"Lord love you!" began Martin; but Trescat cut him short, angrily.

"Did you hear what I said, man? Give me that find. Here, Ralph!" to his bailiff.

"You are hasty, sir," smiled old Martin, smoothly. "I put them here for you. Lord love you! what could a poor man do with such things as these?" And he laid the casket of diamonds in his hand.

"What, indeed? as you say, Martin," said Trescat, with a dark look, pocketing the jewels and turning away.

And Dan Martin, still smiling, looked up at him as darkly, and muttered something it were best Trescat did not hear. Yet, if he had heard, perhaps that awful future might never have been.

This scene had passed unnoticed by any of the men, and Martin learnt hereafter the value of keeping one's annoyances to oneself, and not, as Jose had done, proclaiming them to all the world, either on the housetop or before the cottage door.

They had wrought hard all through the day, and they had saved a goodly pile of valuables; and now night came on, and as the tide came up again the gale increased and the storm seemed to come up with it. Trescat mounted his horse and rode away, leaving Ralph, his bailiff, in guard of the wreck.

When Trescat rode into the darkness up the glen, old Dan, whispering something hurriedly to his son George, disappeared into the darkness too. The men were training off their work now; it was getting too dark to see, even with the help of the lanterns, and one by one they dropped away, some to The Swan, and others to their homes, where they caroused or grumbled, drank deep, or took their suppers quietly, according to their mood and nature. If the village roll-call had been gone through then, three men would have been found missing—old Dan Martin, George his son, and Jose Carne.

On rode Trescat at a foot's pace up the dark and broken road; and up the steep track that breasted the cliff strode one whose feet went swiftly on their errand—more swiftly by that shorter way than the rider by his. Trescat rode on till he came to the top of the cliff, and then he turned his horse's head across the turf, and so homeward. He was not thinking much of anything; half sleepy, half lost in reverie, he went quietly along, almost as delicately as once went Agag.

Suddenly, down in the Cove, they heard the report of a gun, and a coastguardman, keeping his lookout not far off, saw the flash and went toward it. He came just too late; but some one else standing by heard the noise of a falling body, the plunge of a startled horse, the groan of a dying man, as the lifeless form of Trescat lay on the bloody turf.

Then a man stooped over him, and took something from him. "There go old scores," he muttered; "now we are quits."

Flinging away his gun, this same man plunged down the steep track by which he had come up, and disappeared behind a jutting rock.

The men in the Cove rushed up to see what was amiss when they heard the signal. They were all there but Jose Carne; Dan Martin coming last, after the rest had got half way up the road. George was there too, looking wild and white; and when they found the murdered man he gave a shriek not so much like a man's

as an hysterical woman's. His father scowled at him fiercely, but the men took no notice of his cry; they had other work on hand than to note the tones of a startled scream. One of them picked up the gun, still warm from the shot.

"Lord above us!" he cried; "here's old Jim Carne's gun!"

The old man came forward at the sound of his name. "The mercy of God be on me!" he cried, "it's mine sure enough. Where's Jose?"

"Ay, where's Jose?" echoed old Martin, savagely. "We're all here, all we Cove men; and where's Jose?"

"I saw him go up the face of the cliff," said George Martin, with his eyes on the ground.

"When Mr. Trescat went away, Jose went too."

"My God, and so he did!" said Ralph. Yet Ralph loved Jose well, and wished him no harm.

"And this here's old Jim's gun," said one of the men; and the inference was too evident for any one to pretend to ignore it. The quarrel yesterday, Trescat's fancy for Mary Peard, and Jose's engagement to her, now buzzed about through the Cove, old Carne's gun still warm, and Jose's disappearance. There was no doubt in the minds of any. Besides, did not young George Martin say he had seen him leave the Cove directly after Trescat? The case looked black enough; and when the coastguardsmen had turned it over and over, and the policeman from St. Mary's had come and turned it over too, there was but one belief among them all, and not a voice was raised to assert Jose Carne's innocence. It was pretty much the same in the Cove. Even his father half doubted, and his mother trembled; but Mary Peard, lifting her hands to heaven, cried, passionately: "It is not true! Whoever did it, Jose had no hand in it, and may God send the Death-ship for the sinner!"

The fishermen shrank back as she said this. The Death-ship of Portugal Cove was a fact to them as true as the sun; it came only for the vilest of sinners when they were dying—for those for whom God had no mercy, and hell a vacant place. But it was a curse they felt would settle on the Cove forever, unless lifted off by fulfillment, and they talked of it in low and anxious tones, and wished she had not said it. Only Dan Martin scoffed at the whole thing; but then Dan believed in nothing—neither in God nor the devil.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LOST LINK;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"My darling," began the earl, soothingly, as Lady Alice entered his apartment; but she hurriedly interrupted him.

"Please not," she said—"please not, papa. I could not bear it just now. I should break down under a touch of kindness. I must have time, then I shall be quite myself again. But I have come to tell you that I will obey your wish, and marry Sir Geoffrey Dacre."

Lord Ashton was perplexed by her manner.

"Alice, my child," said he, "do not be over-rash in your decision. It is true that such a marriage would present to me many sources of happiness, and gratify my plans and wishes on your behalf, as fully as I can well conceive. But it can only do so if you are happy in the position in which it would place you, and I think you can scarcely judge of that in this agitated moment. You may think I am inconsistent. I am inconsistent in my intense desire for your happiness, my heart's treasure! and inasmuch as I do, in my wisest judgment, believe that you might find all you could desire in a union with Sir Geoffrey Dacre, I desire it; but, if you cannot love him after a calm and honest attempt to bring all old memories, and find a substitute in him for a girl's bright ideal, then I would rather part with you forever than witness such a sacrifice."

Tears, calm and soft, that relieved the burning of her heated brain, poured down her cheeks. Lord Ashton could scarcely have taken a surer mode of winning her to his purpose than this true and honest disinterestedness.

"Papa," she said, "I did love Algernon Dacre, and love still what I believed him to be, but I scorn and hate what he really is. And were you to consent to my marriage with him, I would not accept his hand."

"That's my noble girl, my true-hearted Alice," said her father, fondly.

"But," she went on, quickly, "I know that I shall feel an unconquerable regret and mortification for the past, and a restlessness and self-reproach which nothing could conquer so well as a totally fresh interest and the stimulus of fresh duties, as well as the satisfaction of pure contentment. Dearest father, let it be as I say. I should not love again as I have done. It is a girl's dream, that cannot return; but I shall be happy, very happy, in time, and I dare say, shall have a very sincere affection for him in—"

But her voice broke down. She knew that there was no love in her heart for that dark brother of Algernon's.

"It shall be as you wish, my child," said the earl, gravely. "I will accept Sir Geoffrey's suit for you, but I shall reserve to myself the power of breaking off the engagement after a month, should it appear desirable. I will not have you irrevocably committed, in a moment of such agitation, to any life-long step. And Sir Geoffrey can scarcely complain of this, after so brief an acquaintance."

"I shall not change, papa," said Alice, gravely. "There is a revulsion now in my whole nature. However, let it be as you choose. If Sir Geoffrey objects, let him relinquish me. It matters little."

What a mood in which to decide on a life's destiny!

The earl shuddered as he gazed at the fe-

vered cheek and dull eye of his child, but in his inmost heart he believed the shock she had received would be but temporary, and that the devotion of Sir Geoffrey Dacre, and the prospects opening before her, would be the surest mode of restoring her to her former bright self. Let us do him justice. He could not guess the whirlwind of passion and jealousy that had swept over his daughter's soul, the wild fancies of her lover's infidelity and of her own consequent revenge, which formed the chief motive for her conduct. Nor could he divine the noble restraint, the firm principle that Algernon had exhibited, under most trying circumstances, to a worshipping and true-hearted lover.

Ah! could he, or the impetuous girl before him, have been gifted with second sight—could they have read the past or the future, they would have signed a death-warrant for their own execution rather than marriage settlement with Sir Geoffrey Dacre.

There was silence in the apartment. The thoughts of both were flying busily and swiftly over the approaching events, and Alice was becoming rapidly exhausted with the strife that had shaken her to the very heart.

"I have one thing more to say, papa," she added. "I must see Algernon myself, and explain all. Do not fear me; I shall not falter."

"My child, be persuaded," remonstrated her father; "it would be too great a trial for you. Let it be done by letter, bidding him a last farewell; that would be equally effectual, as far as he is concerned, and far less distressing to you."

"No," she replied; "let it be as I wish, papa. He might imagine that I had been induced to write from other influence, and that, had he pleaded his cause, he would have prevailed. He shall have no such delusion left on his mind. You can trust me, papa; I may have been weak, and deceived, but it is over now, and for ever! Henceforward, I am only your daughter."

She bent down and kissed her father. Her lips were like coals, and he gazed anxiously on her flushed, varying face.

"Shall I send Olivia to you, my dear child?" he asked. "Lie down, and let her read or sing you to sleep; rest till luncheon time."

The shudder that came over Alice's frame, warned her father that painful associations were connected with the name of the foundling, and he stopped suddenly.

"Dear papa, I am well, very well," she said; "only a headache—and yet—you are right; perhaps Olivia had better come to me presently, but not till I have collected my ideas a little more rationally, or she might—"

The sudden knocking at the door at this moment interrupted her bitterly pronounced words. It was only a servant, with a message for the earl from the family solicitor, who happened to be engaged on some important business at the present period. But it gave Alice time to recover herself, and recall words that would perhaps have betrayed her feelings too plainly, and worked adverse to her plans. No one must suspect that she cherished jealousy to the founding, and still less must she betray such animosity to that foundling as to endanger her being sent away from the Castle. Olivia must remain under her protection, safe from the influence of the suspected Algernon Dacre.

"Request Miss Olivia to come to me," she said to the servant as he was retiring from the room. "In my own sitting-room, tell her."

Then turning to her father, she stooped down and kissed him, with a smile that seemed like lightning amidst clouds.

"One thing more, papa," she said, "and then I will not torment you any further by my fancies. Of course, Sir Geoffrey must be kept in ignorance of his brother's conduct, and my weakness—I mean, for the sake of peace between them. Am I not right, papa?"

"I believe so," replied the earl, sadly; "but, my child, what a tangled labyrinth you are treading, are forced to tread, in consequence of this unfortunate resolve of yours. Once more, I entreat you to pause."

"No, papa. It is but one trial more, and then all will be over," she said. "What I meant to add, was simply this. Captain Dacre is coming to take leave of Olivia, and I shall see him then, but not openly. When Olivia receives her summons, then I shall accompany her to the place he may appoint, and there bid him farewell for ever."

Lord Ashton's indulgent love for his child, and his sense of prudence and right, were sadly at war. But he did trust her pride and feminine delicacy, and as usual, the petted darling of his heart won the point.

"Be it as you wish, Alice," he said, with a sigh. "As you will. But nothing, except the desire to end this miserable family scandal without further discussion of publicity can induce me to consent. And I am perhaps more willing to save the exposure, Alice, because our own family name might possibly be connected in the tale."

A flush rushed up in the girl's face. Did he allude to her weakness? Was the bitterness of his tone caused by her folly? She dreaded to ask; and without any reply except a second pressure of her feverish lips, she glided from the room.

Olivia was waiting for Alice's return. Her face was pale, as was its wont, but still a kind of excitement illumined the features that, to the jealous eyes of Lady Alice, made her appear almost beautiful. Something had evidently excited the girl's nature from the calm monotony of its usual stillness.

"Olivia," said Lady Alice, quickly, "I have sent for you, simply to make one request—I might safely call it a demand—in return for my love and affection for you. I must see Captain Dacre, and in private; young as you are, I will confide thus much to you. It would lead only to danger and misery were his presence to be known in the Castle. When he gives you an intimation of his arrival, I shall share in your leave-taking. Do you understand?"

"I do," said the girl; "and I am glad, Lady Alice."

"And why?" she asked, sharply. "Because anything is better than suspense," replied Olivia, quickly; "because you cannot refuse to put an end to his doubts and fears, either for happiness or despair. He is brave; he can submit to a certain evil; but it is torturing to doubt."

There was truth in her words—truth in her look and manner, and Lady Alice's angry bitterness was softened for the moment.

"Olivia," she said, passionately, "I am very miserable. You cannot tell what it is to lose faith in every human being, to despise and doubt each cherished friend, and lose each dependence of one's nature. I loved Isabel Abby—fair and affectionate and gentle as she seemed. She has forfeited the last lingering remnant of that girlish affection, and sided openly with the sullen fool whom I angered and embittered into dogged resentment by my coldness. Then I deemed Algernon Dacre noble and true and disinterested. I now find him false and scheming, and ready to drag me into the depths of degradation for his own purpose. And you, child that you are, you side against me—you are linked with him to deceive me, to fool me to my heart's content. Who would envy the heiress, when such falsehood and danger surround wealth and greatness?"

Olivia had vainly attempted to stop the torrent of indignation till it had fairly exhausted itself. Then the girlish head was drawn up proudly, though a touch of compassion mingled with her natural resentment.

"Lady Alice," she replied, "so far as Captain Dacre is concerned, I do not hesitate to tell you—poor and dependent that I am—that if you can believe evil of him, you are not worthy of his great and noble heart. When you see him, when you look upon his true face, you will not doubt him. But were I in your place, Lady Alice, if the whole world slandered him, and his own lips denied it, I would refuse to believe it, till proof, irresistible proof, came to show him unworthy. And what have I done to forfeit your trust? Have I ever deceived you? Have I not from the first moment I ever saw you loved you for his sake, and only doubted and feared for him because I saw that his whole life was bound up in you? And I believe it still. Try me, Lady Alice, and try him; and if you find either of us false, then I bid you discard us from your heart and your presence forever."

There was a power in the girl's fearlessness, and bold assertion of truth, that almost prevailed. Lady Alice's heart yearned to recall the rash step she had taken, and to give the only man she had ever loved a chance of rebutting the charge against him. But then her father? He was satisfied of its truth. And her word was pledged to him and to Sir Geoffrey Dacre. She must not venture to think, or look back.

"Olivia," she said, shading her face from those sad, penetrating eyes, "I have told you what I will do. For the rest, I would fain believe that you, at least, have only acted from a girlish enthusiastic gratitude to the man who, in your eyes, has a halo of romance round him. I will see Captain Dacre, and if he can absolutely disprove, or even deny, the charge against him, I shall at least lose some of this deep bitterness that is turning my very nature to gall. If not, I shall know how to act as becomes a Compton. You will, at least, not fail me in this, Olivia."

"No, Lady Alice," replied the girl. "You shall see him, and that ere many hours are passed. Look here," she said; and she gave a small paper into the lady's hands, bearing a telegraphic dispatch stamp, and containing the following message:

"Look for me to-morrow, Olivia. You shall have due intimation of my presence near you. Only be ready."

Lady Alice dashed the paper on the floor, after tearing it in two. It drove her to frenzy, that simple paper, bearing, as she considered, fresh proof of the understanding between Algernon Dacre and Olivia.

"Leave me," she said, waving her hand; "leave me. I will be ready. Keep your promise, girl, or it will come back like a curse on your head."

Olivia paused for a moment, gazing at the fragile form, that lay half hidden in the deep recess of the large chair. Then she glided from the room, a faint glimmering of the cause of that impetuous passion dawning on her mind, and crimsoning her cheek, with mingled shame and happiness and incredulity. As she passed through Lady Alice's dressing-room she caught sight of her own form and face in the mirror that stood on one side of the apartment, and a derisive smile at her own folly crossed her lips, when she contrasted its childlike youthfulness and irregular features with the graceful beauty of the heiress of Ashton.

WEDDING-CARDS AND INVITATIONS.—As this is the season for weddings, we extract from a contemporary the following in regard to wedding invitations: "For wedding invitations a single large note sheet, without cards, is used this season, in preference to the elaborate styles lately in fashion. At the top of the page is a white embossed monogram of the combined initials of the bride and bridegroom, followed by the invitations in script. Inclosed are two cards, the larger contains the bride's name, engraved near the bottom; a smaller card, with the groom's name, is placed on this card, above the bride's name, and fastened with a tiny bow of white ribbon. This is all that is necessary when the bridal pair leave the church to go on a tour, but when a reception occurs on the day of the wedding, the hour of the reception and the number of the residence are given on the ceremony card. After quiet weddings at home, or when the newly-married pair have returned from their tour, it is customary for them to issue cards announcing their marriage on a note sheet, inclosing a card designating reception days. A new envelope has a short flap, with the sides sloped to show the folding of the envelope. The name alone of the guest is written on this envelope, it is then placed in the inclosing envelope, on which the name and address are both written. Invitations to large weddings are issued two weeks before the wedding-day."



FRANCE.—STORING FLOUR IN THE CASINO DES ARTS, AT LYONS.—SEE PAGE 324.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.

DOM PEDRO II. OF ALCANTARA, Emperor of Brazil, is the legitimate descendant of the three great royal houses of Europe—Braganza, Bourbon and Hapsburg. He was born in December, 1825.

His father was Dom Pedro I., and his mo-

ther an Austrian archduchess, who died in the year following his birth. Weary with contending against constantly increasing opposition, Dom Pedro I. abdicated his throne in favor of his son, in 1831, and calling from exile Bonifazio Jose, the ancient leader of the revolutionary party, appointed him governor of the young ruler.

In 1840 Dom Pedro II., although not quite fifteen, was declared of age by the Chambers,

and assumed the sovereign power. In 1843 he married the Princess Theresa Christina of Bourbon, sister of Francis I., then King of Naples, and by her he has had four children, two princes who died young, and two princesses who are still living. He is a highly accomplished man, speaking and writing fluently several languages. He is devoted to literature, progress, and manly exercises, and since the termination of the war with Paraguay has

been extremely popular with all classes. He is approachable, courteous, and gives audience twice each week to citizens and foreigners.

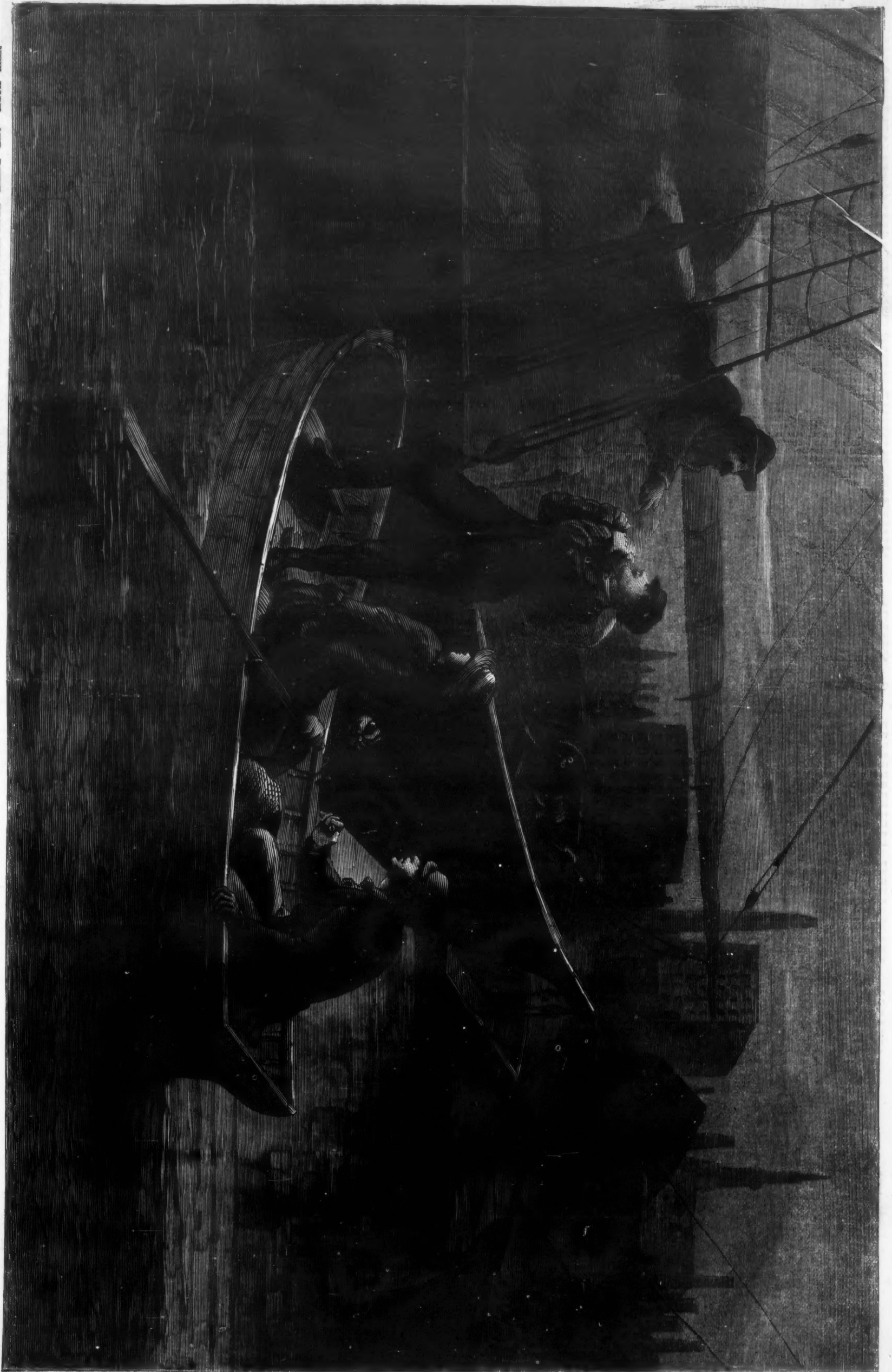
For several years he has been anxious to visit the United States and make a hurried study of our system of Government and public institutions; and recent reports from Brazil announce that he is now preparing for the long anticipated journey.



DOM PEDRO II., EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.



EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.



NEW YORK.—OUR RIVER PRIVATEERS—HUDSON RIVER PIRATES BOARDING THE SCHOONER C. CLEMENTS, NEAR CORLAERS HOOK, FOR PLUNDER AND MURDER, AT 2 A. M., DECEMBER 20, 1870.—SEE PAGE 311.

WEEDS THAT HAVE FOLLOWED THE PATH OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

AS FAR back as 1673, in a curious little volume called "New England's Rarities," we have a list of twenty-two plants which the author considered had "sprung up since the English planted and kept cattle in New England;" besides several others, referred to in other parts of the book, which owe their origin to the same cause. Among them he mentions the plantain, "which the Indians call Englishman's foot, as though produced by their treading." This is one of the species which always accompanies cultivation. Independently of these casual introductions, we have records of plants which have been introduced to America either for ornament or use, or by accident, and have not only thoroughly established themselves, but have become noxious weeds, and serious hindrances to agriculture. For an example of the first class we may refer to the common yellow toad-flax, which was originally introduced to the United States as a garden flower by a Mr. Ranstead, a Welsh resident in Philadelphia, from whom it has taken the name of Ranstead-weed. The following account of the position it had attained in Pennsylvania, as long ago as 1758, will show to what an extent it had even then spread: "It is the most hurtful plant to our pastures that can grow in our northern climate. Neither the spade, plow nor hoe can eradicate it when it is spread in a pasture. Every little fibre that is left will soon increase prodigiously; nay, some people have rolled great heaps of logs upon it, and burnt them to ashes, whereby the earth was burnt half a foot deep, yet it put up again as fresh as ever, covering the ground so close as not to let any grass grow amongst it; and the cattle can't abide it. But it doth not injure corn so much as grass, because the plow cuts off the stalks, and it doth not grow so high before harvest as to choke the corn. It is now spread over a great part of the inhabited parts of Pennsylvania. It was first introduced as a fine garden flower, but never was a plant more heartily cursed by those that suffer from its encroachments."

It is worthy of note that in Great Britain, where it is a native, this toad-flax is almost entirely restricted to hedge-banks and borders of fields, and seldom, if ever, becomes a troublesome weed. The common chickweed, which was introduced into Carolina as food for canary birds, spread in ten years upward of fifty miles, and is now one of the plants which occupy the outposts of civilization. As an accidental introduction, we may name the Scotch thistle, which is said to have been brought to America by a Scotch minister, who brought with him a bed stuffed with thistle-down, in which some seed still remained. Feathers being plentiful, the down was soon turned out, and the former were substituted, and the seed, coming up, filled that part of the country with thistles. Another account tells us that the thistle was introduced by some enthusiastic Scot, anxious to bear with him the emblem of his country, which soon made itself at home, and became a nuisance. At the present day it is an actionable offense in New Zealand to allow thistles to grow or to run to seed; and a case was lately reported in which action was taken against a landed proprietor who had not taken sufficient precaution to prevent their growth, the verdict being given for the plaintiff.

In 1837, one hundred and thirty-seven weeds, nearly all of them English, were more or less established in the United States, and now no less than two hundred and fourteen, similarly introduced, are enumerated by Dr. Asa Gray as occurring there. This will give an idea of the rapidity with which these introductions take place. It is not now our purpose to pursue the subject further, or we might produce examples, still more striking, of the spread of introduced weeds in Australia and New Zealand.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD AND THE SUBSIDY BONDS.

FROM a pamphlet recently issued by Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, the Financial Agents of the Central Pacific Railroad and Branches, we understand the Central Pacific Railroad Company to hold that they have performed their part of the contract with the Government in the construction of the Road, and to have complied with the acts of Congress relating to the manner in which the advances to them shall be repaid. The attempt of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Attorney-General to put upon the laws a construction differing from that under which both the Companies and the Government had been acting for seven years, is, they allege, contrary to the spirit and letter of the law.

So far as the Central Pacific Company are concerned, although they do not plead their inability to pay the so-called "arrears" of interest paid by the Government, they object to so doing on the ground that the Act of Congress does not require them to pay except in the manner specified—by transportation of troops, mails, etc. One of the reasons why the repayments from this source have not been larger is to be found in the action of some of the Departments in sending troops to the Pacific Slope by way of Panama, instead of by railroad, as the Act of Congress contemplated.

HORACE GREENLEY'S Essays, "What I Know of Farming," which have been published in the *Tribune* every week during 1870, are to be printed in pamphlet form, and a copy will be sent, postpaid, to each subscriber who sends \$10 for the Daily, \$4 for the Semi-Weekly, or \$2 for the Weekly *Tribune*, and requests the book at the time of subscribing. This will enable old subscribers to secure the Essays for preservation, on renewing their subscriptions, and new subscribers will, of course, be glad to obtain them free of cost. See advertisement.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

Mrs. WM. B. REED, of Southboro, Mass., has used one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in her family for more than twelve years. During that time it has never got out of order, and the only expense she has been to is in the matter of buying needles.

In the Advertising Agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, everything is so systematized that their immense business is conducted without confusion or delay. They have regularly on file over 5,000 newspapers.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I PURCHASED my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine in May, 1858, and have used it constantly ever since in making all kinds of garments worn in the family, with no repairs of any sort whatever. I have never broken but one needle, and that not until I had used the machine more than seven years, and the eleven needles remaining of the original dozen are all in good working order. I cannot see why my machine will not last ten years longer without repairs.

Mrs. C. A. ROGERS.

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THE Art Union—Getting married.
AN attached couple—Oyster-shells.
ASSAULT and battery—A railway collision.
A SHARP piece of literature—The *Lancet*.
MEN who "act on the square"—Glaziers.
THE sightseer's friend—A spectacle maker.
MEN well-up in word-painting—Sign writers.
How to collar beef—See that no one is looking.
THE poor man's plague—Government economy.
How long does a widow mourn? For a second.
A CARDINAL point—To become Pope, if possible.
SOMETHING like an automaton—A reading book.
A ROUND of pleasure—A round of delicious toast.
A DELICIOUS flower of speech—The heliotrope.
PORTABLE artillery wanting shot—Rifled pockets.
SELF-DECAPITATION—A person lifting his head up.
A WONDERFUL aerial phenomenon—A flight of stairs.
WHEN is a lady not a lady? When she is a little sulky.
SONG of a gold hunter—"My days of happiness are over."
THE only persons who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.
THE rising men of the period—The balloon travelers in France.
THE modern (k)night errand(t)—A husband sent for the doctor.
"A LASS I am no more," as the girl said when she got married.
ONE measure in which all civilized nations agree—The church-yard.
A TRIUMPH of art—A pickpocket operating successfully on a detective.
To make good sharp pickles—Whittle both ends to a point before putting in brine.
A COQUETTE is a rosebud, from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.

WHY is a bullet discharged from a modern rifle like an ancient German singer? Because it's a *Minute Singer*.

WHY is Gibraltar one of the most wonderful places in the world?—Because it's always on the rock, but never moves.

THE difference between a bouquet of flowers and the "bouquet" of wine is, that one makes a nose-gay and the other a gay nose.

MRS. MODDLER never could, for the life of her, understand what a High Churchman was until she heard of a French Minister being up in a balloon.

TIGHT-LACING does some good after all. It rids the world of silly women, and by close calculation, saves this country \$2,000,000 in board alone every year.

If we will but make an effort, how easy it is to restrain our emotion. A lady was one evening present at the performance of Voltaire's "Mérope," and to the surprise of every one did not shed a tear. Perceiving which, she said: "I could indeed have wept, but I am going out to-night to supper."

In Indianapolis a Democratic saloon-keeper deposited in the ballot-box by mistake the following document:

INDIANAPOLIS, September 30th, 1870.
MR. —: I hereby forbid you selling my husband any intoxicating liquor, either by the drink or bottle. If you do not comply with this, I will prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law.
MRS. —

A VERDANT farmer once procured a sliding trombone, upon which he performed on various occasions, considering himself quite proficient. One evening, at a dancing-party, upon returning from supper during "intermission," he found that some of the juveniles had been examining his instrument. "There, boys," he exclaimed in sorrowful tones, "ye've got that trombone out o' tune. Ye've moved the slide, by fiddin' with it. I had it set, t'other day, down in Boston!"

"BILLY BUMBLE," formerly a well-known 'cello player in Boston, was not remarkable for musical talent, although for want of a better he was generally employed. On one occasion, just previous to a concert, he was vigorously "tuning up" in the ante-room. Being scarcely satisfied with the result of his labors, he turned to another member of the orchestra and said: "I'll be hanged if I know whether this damned old thing is in tune or not; just feel of them ere strings, Bob, an' see if the blasted things are tight enough!"

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NO. 5 NASSAU STREET,

DECEMBER 23, 1870.

THE EARNINGS OF THE MAIN LINE
Central Pacific Railroad (Salt Lake to San Francisco), together with the Expenses, Interest Payments, and Surplus upon the Road as it was extended, are shown in the subjoined tables:

Miles Operated.	Gross Earnings.	Op. Expenses.
1865..... 31 to 50	\$401,941.92	\$121,869.53
1866..... 51 to 94	864,917.57	200,710.61
1867..... 94 to 137	1,470,653.50	330,913.33
1868..... 137 to 468	2,300,767.17	843,166.54
1869..... 468 to 742	5,670,822.25	2,993,323.19
1870..... 742 to 900	7,920,710.98	4,060,564.95
Total.....	\$18,629,813.30	\$8,550,448.15

The following will show the Net Earnings, Interest, Liabilities and Surplus Earnings of each year for the same period:

Net Earnings.	Interest on Outstanding Bonded Debt.	Surplus of Net Earnings over Interest.
1865..... \$280,372.39	\$102,111	\$178,261
1866..... 664,206.96	125,350	538,856
1867..... 1,139,740.17	277,140	862,600
1868..... 1,457,600.63	995,010	462,590
1869..... 2,677,299.06	1,084,350	1,592,949
1870..... 3,860,146.03	1,600,230	2,259,916
Total.....	\$4,184,221	\$5,895,622

Of the earnings for 1870, at least 65 per cent. was from local business—a fact which demonstrates that the Central Pacific Railroad is independent of the through connection, for its character as a self-sustaining and profitable road, and that its net earnings from local traffic alone would more than pay the interest upon its bonds, independently of its large and increasing through business.

The earnings for the coming year, by a moderate estimate, based upon reliable data, it is believed, will exceed \$10,000,000.

The annual interest on the Company's First Mortgage Bonds is but \$1,717,200.

The security of the principal, and the assurance of regular and prompt payment of interest, which are afforded in the valuable property and immense revenue of the road, render these bonds as safe and reliable an investment as can be made. They are daily quoted on the regular call of the New York Stock Exchange, and of several of the most important Stock Exchanges of Europe, and can be as readily sold at quoted market price as the bonds of the United States Government.

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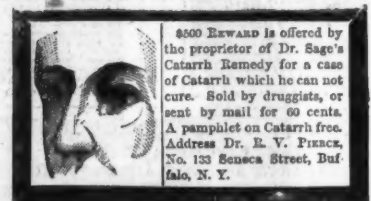
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This is a hard, compact paper, like an ordinary book-cover, and is saturated with tar and used on the outside of frame buildings, under the clapboards, also under shingles and floors, to keep out damp and cold. It is also used on the inside, not saturated, instead of Plastering, and makes a warm and cheap wall. It costs only from \$8 to \$30 (according to size) to cover houses on the outside. 32- Samples and descriptive circulars sent free.

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PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY WITH NO. 799 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

EARLY MORNING AT VERSAILLES, FRANCE.

VERSAILLES is, indeed, "translated," and a companion novel might be written to that which was sketched by the Emperor. But the hero of this one should be an Imperialist, returning after a long absence. Fancy him strolling down the Avenue de Paris some morning, expecting to see the wonted sights! His astonishment would be something marvelous at the reality. A kind of market is held here. German soldiers stand buying their breakfasts at little tables, behind which sit the French marketers, mostly women, but not a few men. Bread and butter, cheese, sausages, fruit, cognac, hot potatoes, and coffee, find a

ready sale among the hungry warriors. Just behind are piled the needle-guns of the guard-house of the *Mairie*, and beside them a sentry, who suddenly, as he passes, presents arms. Can the salute be intended for him? he asks himself, then blushes confusedly, and looks at the man, but finds his eyes fixed on the far distant figure of an officer, entering the gates of the Prefecture, the headquarters of the King. Unless actually out of sight, a German always salutes his officer. He will remember this, and feel considerably abashed; but has no time to think more of the matter, as he is nearly thrown down by a cow which is lugging along a Bavarian, and nearly lassoed about the legs by the cord of a wrinkled French sheep which is desperately dodging her Prussian shepherd.

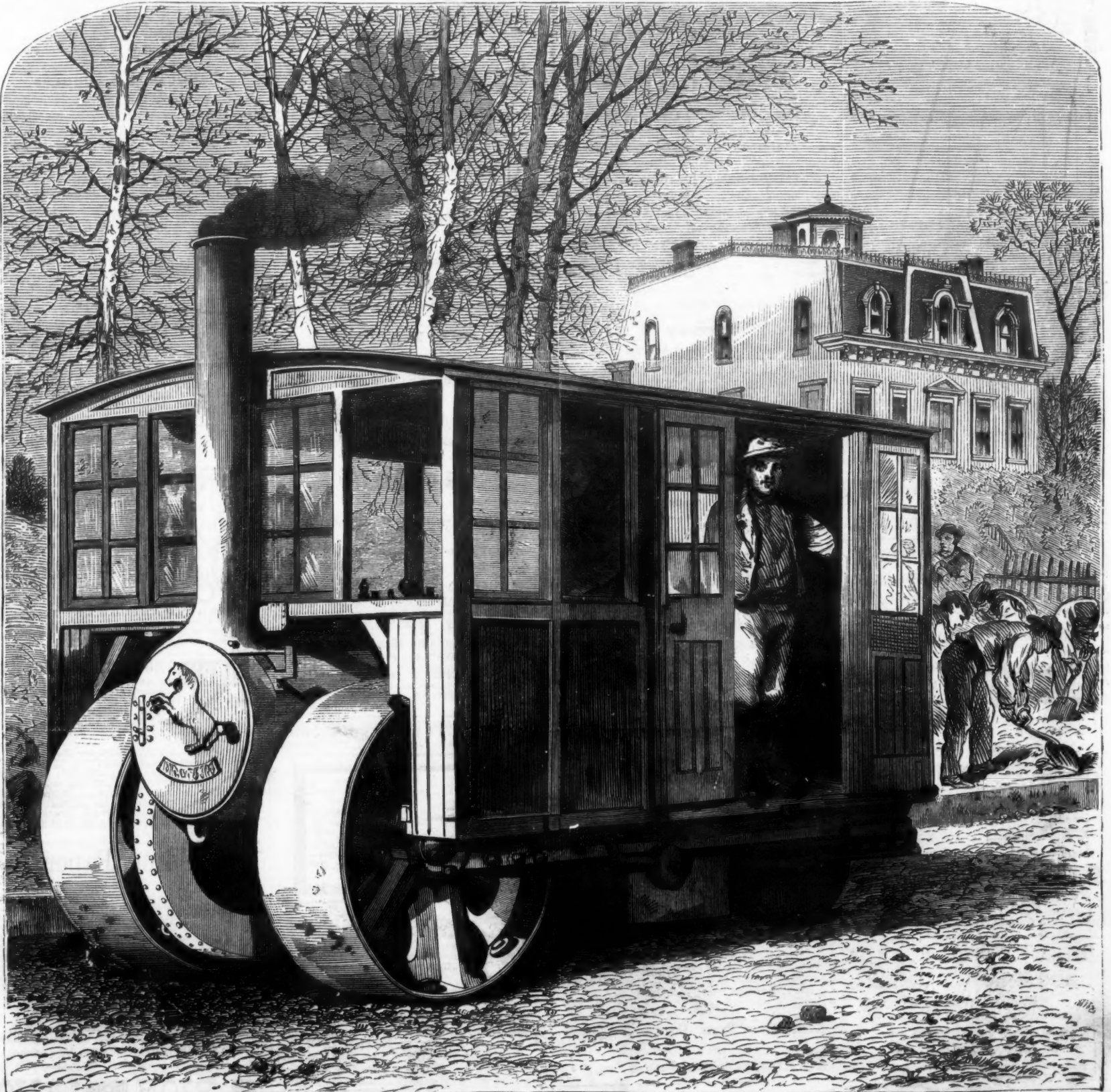
MME. ROSA CZILLAG.

MME. ROSA CZILLAG, the prima donna who made her *début* before an American audience at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, on Wednesday evening, January 4th, was born in Pesth, of Hungarian parents. She made her first appearance on the lyric stage at the age of ten years. In her sixteenth year she assumed the rôle of Fides in Meyerbeer's opera "Le Prophète," at the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, and created such an immediate success that her engagement there was continued through ten consecutive years.

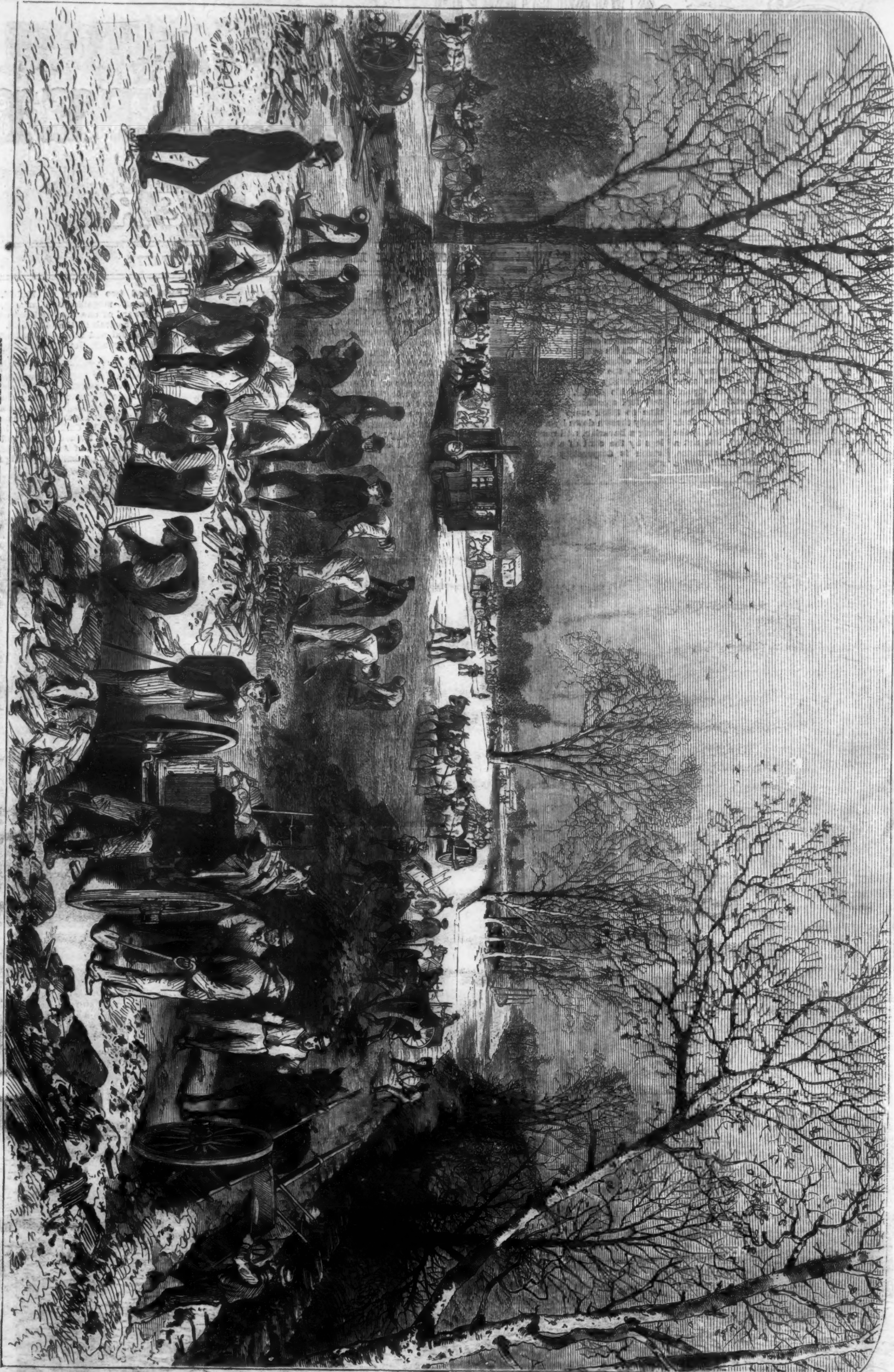
During the four months of *congedo* which she enjoyed every year, she sang four seasons at Covent Garden, in London, two seasons in St. Petersburg, two seasons at the Grand Opera

of Paris, and two seasons in Madrid. Of this, her most magnificent character, she has given upward of one thousand representations in all the capitals of the Old World. She has been a careful and thorough student, and sings in Italian, French, German and Hungarian operas.

In the opera of "Il Trovatore," in which she made her *début* in New York, she sustained the part of Leonora with an intensity that gave full display to her rare dramatic powers. She was heartily applauded, her singing and acting in the third act having struck the audience as particularly artistic. Mme. Czillag comes before us in the ripeness of trained power, and will receive from the public of American cities the attention due to her professional prestige and position.



NEW YORK CITY.—IMPROVEMENT OF THE BLOOMINGDALE ROAD—STEAM-ROLLER USED ON THE NEW BOULEVARD.—See Page 324.



NEW YORK CITY.—IMPROVEMENT OF THE BLOOMINGDALE ROAD—WORK ON THE NEW BOULEVARD.—SEE PAGE 394.

THE NEW YORK BOULEVARD—WORK ON THE NEW BOULEVARD.—SEE PAGE 394.



FRANCE.—EARLY MORNING IN THE AVENUE DE PARIS, VERSAILLES.—SEE PAGE 321.



VERSE 2.—THE SMILE THAT WAS PENSIVE AND CHILDLIKE.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

BY F. BRET HARTE.

1.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

2.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply.
But his smile it was pensive and childlike;
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.



VERSE 3.—THE INFERENCE THAT MR. A. S. WAS SOFT AS THE SKIES.

3.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played that same day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

4.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.



VERSE 4.—MR. A. S. SITTING AT THE TABLE WITH THE SMILE THAT WAS BLAND.

EXTENSIONS OF NEW YORK AVENUES: THE GRAND BOULEVARD, ETC.

The various street alterations and improvements that are now being made in New York city will, when completed, give it valuable outlets for commercial business. Old streets, whose narrowness has been a serious drawback, are being rapidly improved, while new routes are coming into practical existence, which will relieve Broadway, Third and Sixth avenues of much traffic.

Church street is to be still further extended by cutting a street through from Battery Place to Morris street, by which both Hudson street and West Broadway will be connected with the Battery.

Then, West Broadway will connect with Sixth

verses the high bluff above the Hudson to a point midway between Fort Washington and Kingsbridge, where it turns into the road of that name. This will be the Grand Boulevard of the city, and will afford a direct route through the city from the Battery to Kingsbridge, a distance of fifteen miles.

The second boulevard proposed—the St. Nicholas—is a central one, beginning at the Farmer's Gate, north end of Central Park, and ultimately joining the Kingsbridge Road.

The eastern boulevard also begins at the Park, and will be the continuation either of Sixth or Seventh avenue to the Central Bridge, over the Harlem River.

The work of regulating and grading these avenues has proceeded with remarkable activity, and it is expected that by summer the Grand Boulevard—of which we give an illustration, together with the steam-engine used to



VERSE 5.—THE SHOCKING STATE OF NYE'S SLEEVE.

5.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.



VERSE 7.—NYE SAYING, WITH A SIGH, "CAN THIS BE?"

7.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

and Seventh avenues by the opening of a new street from the Canal street terminus.

On the east side, Centre street will be carried north into Crosby street, widening the latter on the south side, and thence across from Bleeker street to Lafayette Place. The commodious avenue thus to be secured from the East River Bridge landing to Union Square will be appropriately called Bridge avenue. In order to form a new outlet for the Bowery, it is proposed to widen Chatham street, and to provide connections with First avenue from the Square, with Second avenue and Eldridge street, and with Irving Place and Lexington avenue from Tenth street. Madison avenue is

crush the stones and harden the surface of the road—will be completed from Fifty-ninth street to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street.

STORING FLOUR AND RICE IN THE CASINO DES ARTS, LYONS, FRANCE.

The ample parquet, promenades, and lobby of the theatre of the Casino des Arts, offered excellent storage facilities to the authorities of Lyons during their preparations for the defense of the city. Flour and rice the most import-



VERSE 6.—MR. A. S. PUTTING DOWN THE EIGHT BOWER, "WHICH—"

6.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinese,
And the points that he made

Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

to be extended from Twenty-third street to Broadway at Nineteenth street, from which point Broadway will be considerably widened to Union Square. Lexington avenue is to be opened through Gramercy Park to Irving Place, and will also be extended through Hamilton Square, and on thence from Sixty-ninth street to Harlem River.

Of the great longitudinal roads or boulevards, the chief is that heretofore known as the Old Bloomingdale Road, beginning at the southwest corner of Central Park, crossing Ninth avenue diagonally at Sixty-fifth street, and Tenth avenue at Seventy-second street, intersecting Eleventh avenue at One Hundred and Sixth street, and following the course of that thoroughfare to One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street. Thence departing westward, it tra-

ant commodities next to munitions of war, were stored in large quantities in this once noted theatre; while the various cellars were hastily metamorphosed into dwellings to shelter the citizens from the anticipated shells of the enemy.

FARMING operations in California are being conducted this winter on a huge scale, in consequence of the increased demand for food supplies in the mining districts of Los Angeles and San Diego. In some of the central valleys the increase of the beet crop, for sugar-making, will be quite extensive. In the southern counties, several experiments are to be made in cotton-raising, while the breadth of wheat in the same region will be very much greater than last year.



VERSE 8.—THE SCENE THAT ENSUED.

8.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

According to a leading Southern newspaper, the decline in the price of cotton has reduced the purchasing power of the South this year fully \$100,000,000. The average price per bale last year was \$99, which would make the yield of 1869-70 worth some \$310,000,000. This season the average price per bale is about \$60, which supposing the crop to reach 3,500,000 bales, would make a total of \$210,000,000. At these figures cotton is barely



VERSE 9.—THE LENGTH AND DEPTH OF MR. A. S.'S SLEEVES; ALSO, THE TAPER OF HIS NAILS.

9.

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four jacks—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

paying the cost of production. As a consequence, the area planted in cotton will probably be diminished, while that put in corn, grain, and all the diverse industries of the farm, will be augmented; and thus, in both ways, the planter will gain—first, by an enhanced price of his money-staple, and next by raising the articles he would otherwise have to purchase.

10.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.



VERSE 10.—THE CONTINUED PENSIVENESS OF THE SMILE OF MR. A. S.